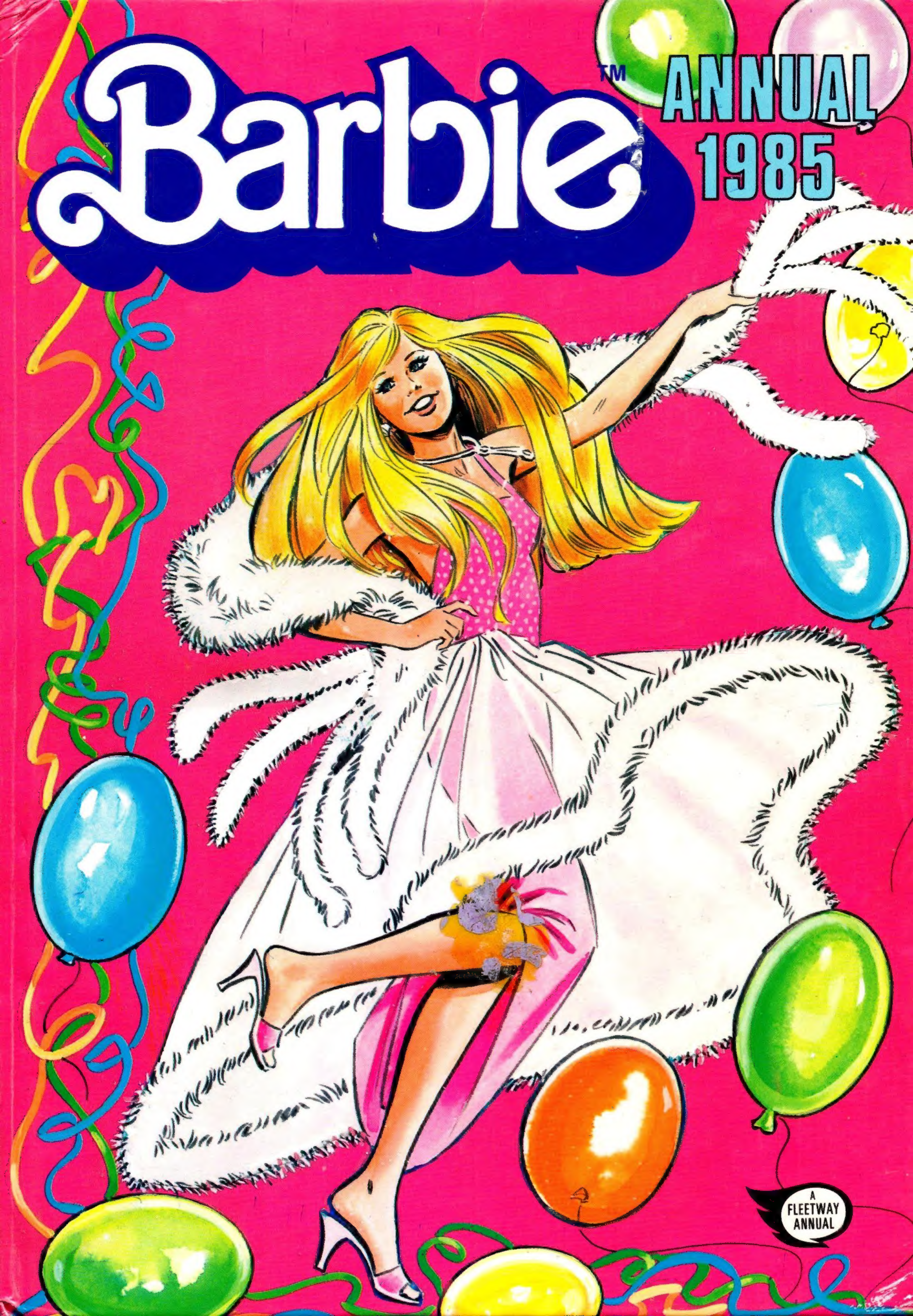
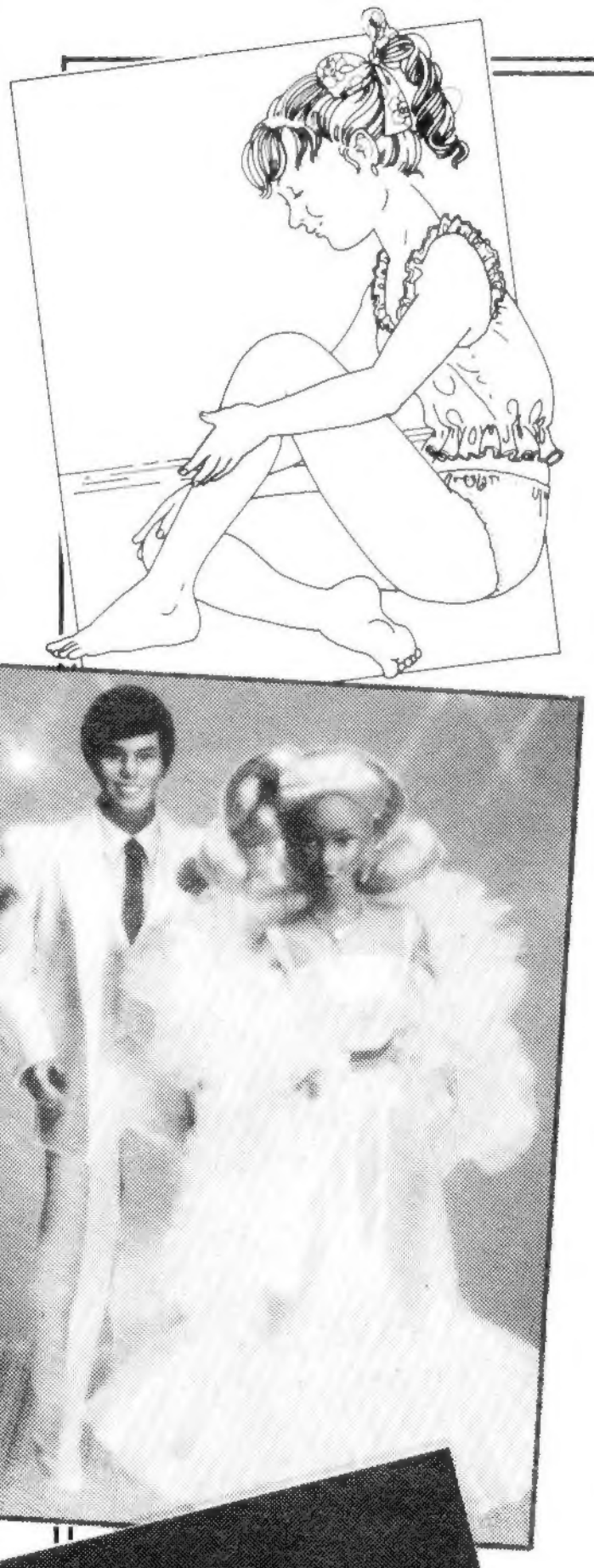
Barbie™ ANNUAL 1985



A FLEETWAY ANNUAL



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Published by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa: Central News Agency. Printed and bound in England by Fleetway Printers Ltd., Gravesend, Kent.

SBN 85037 855 0

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BARBIE WORKS IT OUT!

Barbie loved dancercising. . .

IT'S A FUN WAY TO KEEP FIT, ISN'T IT, BEAUTY?

WHY DON'T YOU COME AND JOIN US, MRS. MATT?

NO, THANKS. I GET ENOUGH EXERCISE LOOKING AFTER THIS HOUSE!

OH, LEAVE THE HOUSEWORK FOR A BIT. THIS IS A **MUCH** BETTER WAY TO KEEP IN TRIM THAN MAKING BEDS.

WELL. . .

And, persuaded by the eager, high-spirited Barbie plus the lively pop music. . .

THAT'S IT, MRS. M. WE'LL MAKE A DISCO DANCER OF YOU YET!

I MUST SAY THIS MAKES A PLEASANT CHANGE FROM THE KITCHEN CHORES!

£2·95

But then suddenly –

OHH!

MRS. MATT! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT. . .IT'S MY BACK! I. . .I THINK I'VE RATHER OVERDONE THINGS.

OH, GOSH, THIS IS ALL **MY** FAULT. WE MUST TRY AND GET YOU BACK INTO THE HOUSE, AND I'LL CALL THE DOCTOR.

. . .who announced. . .

YOU'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN AFTER A COUPLE OF DAYS' COMPLETE REST!

BUT I CAN'T TAKE TO MY BED LIKE THIS. THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO!

NOW THEN, LOVE, YOU HEARD THE DOCTOR. AND DON'T WORRY. I CAN RUN THE HOUSE UNTIL YOU'RE BACK ON YOUR FEET AGAIN!

TACKLING THE JOLLY OLD DOMESTIC CHORES WILL BE EASY FOR SOMEONE IN PEAK CONDITION LIKE YOURS TRULY, EH, FLUFF?

Or so Barbie thought. . .

RINGRINGGG

PHEW, AND I RECKONED **MODELLING** *WAS HARD WORK! DOES MRS MATT REALLY DO ALL* **THIS** *IN ONE DAY?*

And the day was far from over. . .

OH, BOTHER! TRUST YOU TO CONK OUT, IRON, WHEN I'VE GOT ALL SKIPPER'S BLOUSES TO IRON!

DING DONG

NOW WHO'S **THAT** *AT THE DOOR? IF IT'S AN ODD-JOB MAN WANTING TO EARN THE PRICE OF A SQUARE MEAL,* I'LL *GIVE HIM A JOB FOR LIFE!*

But. . .

HI! HOW'S MY FAVOURITE MODEL? ENJOYING HER DAY OFF?

YOU MUST BE JOKING, KEN!

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO JOIN ME IN A SPOT OF JOGGING. MUSTN'T GET FLABBY, LAZING AROUND ALL DAY, MUST WE?

UGH, SPEAK FOR YOURSELF. IF YOU'VE GOT ENERGY TO BURN, MY LAD, THERE'S AN ELECTRIC IRON TO FIX, NOT TO MENTION A SWIMMING POOL THAT NEEDS CLEANING OUT. . .

H-HANG ABOUT, BARBIE. I'M A PHOTOGRAPHER, NOT A HANDYMAN!

But when he heard about Mrs. Matt. . .

POOR MRS M. OKAY, I'LL LEND A HAND. WHERE'S THE SCREWDRIVER?

SEARCH ME. I'LL ASK MRS. MATT.

Barbie

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MRS. MATT, BUT WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE SCREW. . .?

MRS. MATT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED AND GETTING DRESSED?

OH, I'M FEELING A LOT BETTER, DEAR, AND I JUST COULDN'T GO ON LETTING YOU COPE SINGLE-HANDED.

THERE'S YOUR SISTER TO BE PICKED UP FROM HER BALLET CLASS, AND THE DRY-CLEANING TO BE COLLECTED...

I...I CAN MANAGE. YOU GET STRAIGHT BACK INTO THAT BED, DO YOU HEAR?

Barbie

AND I'M **NOT** *SINGLE-HANDED, THANK GOODNESS, NOW THAT I'VE ROPED KEN IN.*

But...

WHERE'S HE GONE? OH, THERE'S A NOTE PROPPED UP AGAINST THE IRON...

Fixed your iron with a nailfile. But had to dash. Just remembered a tv company said they may be contacting my studio this afternoon!

Ken.

And a hectic hour later...

OOH, PARTS OF MY BODY ACHE THAT HAVE NEVER ACHED AT THE DISCO!

Barbie

UGH, BARBIE, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SMELL COMING FROM THE KITCHEN?

OH, NO! THE DINNER!

NOW THIS MEANS I'VE GOT TO DASH ROUND TO THE TAKE-AWAY TO REPLACE THIS MESS!

Barbie

Breathlessly she returned to an important phone call from Ken. . .

I KNOW IT'S SHORT NOTICE, BUT CAN YOU DROP EVERY-THING, BARBIE, AND RACE DOWN HERE TO THE STUDIOS?

THEY WANT YOU TO TAKE PART IN A TELLY COMMERCIAL FOR 'DREAMTIME PRODUCTS'! IT'S A DODDLE. YOU SHOULD DO IT WITH YOUR EYES SHUT!

I PROBABLY WILL, KEN!

And leaving Skipper to sit with the patient. . .

SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT FOR A WHILE?

YES, WE'LL BE FINE, DEAR. YOU RUN ALONG.

RUN, *SHE SAYS! HUH, I'VE DISCOVERED THAT DEAR OLD MRS. MATT IS THE* **SUPERWOMAN** *AROUND HERE. I DON'T THINK I'VE EVEN GOT ENOUGH ZIP LEFT TO* **WATCH** *THE TELLY, LET ALONE PERFORM ON IT!*

But at the studio. . .

YOU'RE TO PLAY SLEEPING BEAUTY.

. . .RECLINING ON A 'DREAMTIME' BED!

LEAD ME TO IT!

And soon, blissfully. . .

PERFECT. SHE REALLY LOOKS AS IF SHE COULD BEAUTY-SLEEP FOR A CENTURY!

GREAT ACTING, BARBIE!

WHO'S ACTING? 'NIGHT ALL! SEE YOU IN A HUNDRED YEARS TIME!

THE END

A WEEK IN THE

Read the inside story of Barbie's busy

Monday

I feel so tired, I can hardly keep my eyes open to write this! Today Ken was photographing me for magazine covers. Anyone who thinks being a model is all glamour and not hard work should have spent the day in the studio with me. It took ages to get everything just right – the lights, my hair and make-up – and Ken took picture after picture. Often after a shot we'd have to break while the hairdresser re-styled my hair, or the make-up girl checked I was looking right, and then I'd have to smile again for the next photograph. It's not easy to smile for hours on end! But Ken kept me laughing by pulling funny faces, and at the end of the day everyone was happy.

At home I played back my telephone answering machine to see if anyone had called. When Skipper knew I'd had an answering machine installed she kept ringing up and leaving silly messages or putting on strange voices, pretending to be someone else. I'm wise to her tricks now. I just play the tape and listen for the giggles.

Tuesday

One of the nicest things about my life is that I can work hard all of one day, like yesterday, and then be able to take a whole day off. That's what I did today. I went shopping for clothes in the morning. I really like wandering round all the stores and boutiques and seeing what's new.

Today I bought two new dresses, a blouse and a pair of shoes. If I go on collecting clothes at this rate I'll need a warehouse to store them all! I'll have to keep them out of Skipper's reach! Otherwise she'll wear them before I do!

In the afternoon I made for the jacuzzi, which is a wonderful way to relax and pamper myself. I have to be careful to keep fit and eat the right food so that I look after my body and my face – they're my livelihood, after all – and a spell in the jacuzzi is just the thing to ease away the aches and pains I give myself doing aerobics and exercising. I suppose it must be worth it!

In the evening Skipper wanted some help with her homework, and then I browsed through some paint and wallpaper catalogues. I'm thinking of having my bedroom re-decorated but I can't make up my mind what colour I'd like.

Wednesday

Lots of excitement this morning – I went to audition as a hostess on a new television quiz show. When I arrived at the studio there were already about a dozen girls there. Television work is new for me so I was nervous, but a couple of the girls were very friendly and told me what to do. I had a camera test and talked to the producer, and I think I did quite well. But I won't know if I've got the job for a week or so yet.

In the afternoon I took Beauty for a long walk in the park. Poor Beauty – on the way back I noticed she was limping. She had trodden on a thorn and got it stuck in her paw. I took her straight to the vet's and she was so good, lying there quietly while the vet found the thorn and pulled it out, that I bought her a huge bone as a reward.

Ken took me for a meal at a new Italian restaurant in the evening. I had to resist the temptation to eat too much spaghetti or any of the lovely puddings. If I ate as much as I'd like to, I'd never be able to get into the clothes I have to model!

Thursday

Modelling at fashion shows calls for a lot of stamina, the ability to keep cool and the knack of being able to change in and out of clothes in seconds flat!

I overslept a bit this morning so I had to rush breakfast. It was important to get to the hotel where the show took place in time to have all the outfits I'd be modelling fitted. There were four other girls as well as me, all friends of mine, so it was lots of fun as well as being hard work. We had plenty of changes to make but the clothes were amazing and the buyers and journalists in the audience loved them.

Do you know that even now it's still a big thrill to me to dance out onto the catwalk to the music and see all the faces and the camera flashlights popping.

I was too busy, with all that going on, to eat any lunch. I suppose that's one way to diet! But I was exhausted when I got home and I had a long soak in the bath to recover. I think I could have fallen asleep in there without any trouble – I couldn't keep my eyes open.

Friday

I went along to my regular aerobics class this morning. It's a great way to keep fit and several of my friends go too, so we always have a giggle together. Katie invited us all

LIFE OF BARBIE

life in these extracts from her diary!

to a party at her flat tomorrow evening. It should be lots of fun.

After lunch I thought I'd have a swim – as if I hadn't had enough exercise already! It was such a hot day that I lay in the sun afterwards for ages, improving my tan. And here's some great news – my tan'll be even better soon! On the telephone answering machine when I got home was a message from an agent saying I was wanted for modelling swimwear next week, and the photos are to be done in Spain. I have to fly out there on Monday. Can't wait!

Saturday

Another regular event in my week is the Saturday morning trip to the hairdressers. Tracy's been cutting and styling my hair for quite a while now – I sometimes think she knows what I want better than I do myself! We always have a good old natter while she's working. I tell her what I've been doing and she tells me about all the famous people who've been in that particular week.

In the evening it was Katie's party. It took me ages to get ready because I couldn't decide what to wear. In the end I chose a beautiful pink dress, one I had specially designed for me. It makes me feel good to dress up and wear some jewellery. And I love *going to parties!*

It was a good party, too. There were lots of my friends there, the music was lovely and I danced nearly all evening.

I enjoyed myself so much, I think I'll throw a party myself in a week or two.

Sunday

Sunday's my lazy day. I usually stay in bed later and clever Beauty wakes me up by bringing up the paper in her mouth.

Although it's nice to dress up and wear wonderful clothes, some days it's just as nice to put on jeans and a sweater for messing around in. Today Skipper and I went riding in the country. It was a lovely day and we raced our horses across the hills, and then got lost in a wood. We came home for tea and Skipper ate almost the whole cake on her own!

In the evening I had to pack my cases for the modelling trip tomorrow. It was hard to know what to take and what to leave but I crammed tons in and shut the bags by sitting on them. This time tomorrow, I'll be in Spain. Yippee. I can't wait!

The Ghost Of Bardon School

Janey couldn't possibly be the only one in the class without a ghost story to tell . .

It was winter term and everyone had just got back from their Christmas holidays when the craze for telling ghost stories after lights out started.

I think Madelaine was the first. Her home was a great big manor house on Dartmoor and she was forever going on about how many rooms it had and how many oil paintings and what valuable furniture – so naturally she had the best ghost!

"It's been in the house for centuries!" she said. "It's almost like a member of the family."

"Go on!" Marsha said, and I just sat up in bed and looked at her in disbelief.

"It's true! It haunts the upstairs nursery wing. Walks round with its head under its arm." She looked round at us challengingly. "Every good family must have a ghost, surely?"

"Of course," Susanna said. She and Madelaine were always trying to out-do each other. "But our ghost is much more interesting than your old one. Ours is the ghost of a nun – it walks round weeping and wailing."

Marsha frowned and I knew she didn't want to be left out and was thinking desperately of what sort of ghost she could have. "We haven't exactly got a ghost in the house," she said at last. "But we sometimes hear the sound of a ghostly coach and horses being driven up the drive outside."

They all turned and looked at me. "Haven't *you* got a ghost at home?" Madelaine asked.

"I don't think so," I said.

"Well, Janey, you'd know if you had, wouldn't you?" she said sarcastically. "Fancy not having a ghost!"

I was just about to reply when Matron put her head round the door. "It was lights out at ten o'clock so you should be asleep by now!" she said. "Not chattering about goodness knows what."

"Sorry, Matron," we all murmured, and she went off down the corridor.

"She won't hear us if we whisper," Madelaine said. "I'm going to tell you all about my ghost tonight – and Susanna, it can be your turn the next night."

"All right," Susanna said, "but don't blame me if you're all scared to death."

Madelaine started telling creepy stories about her ghost and I listened to her with half an ear, wondering what on earth I could talk about when it came to my turn. I was the only one of them who didn't live in a big old house, because I was at Bardon school on a scholarship. My house was quite ordinary, in an ordinary old suburb, and we didn't have priceless oil paintings on the walls – just photographs of me and my sister when we were babies!

★ ★ ★

The next night it was Susanna's turn, and while I was drifting off to sleep after listening to her story – which I didn't believe a word of, I realised what I could do. I'd pretend that I'd discovered that the school was haunted – not only that, but pretend that the ghost had revealed itself to me alone because I was especially gifted or something!

I could hardly wait for my turn on the fourth night. Matron came round to turn out the lights and we snuggled down as if we were going to sleep.

"Come on now, Janey," Madelaine said. "It's your turn. If you haven't got a ghost at home you'll just have to jolly well pretend that you have. Or you can tell us a ghost story from a book."

"Anything as long as it's nice and spooky!" Marsha said.

I hesitated as if I was a little scared about what I had to say. "I . . . I shouldn't really tell you this," I said, "because the ghost asked me not to . . ."

The girls screeched with muffled laughter. "Oh, go on!" Susanna said.

"It's true. This very school is haunted, you see."

"It's news to me!"

"Who said?"

"It *is*, I tell you. The ghost only appears to certain people, though – girls who are gifted and sensitive."

"That's why you've seen it, I suppose?" Madelaine said.

"That's right." I dropped my voice to a faint whisper. "And a pretty terrible ghost it is, too."

The girls buzzed with excitement – but I don't know whether they really believed me – any more than I wasn't quite sure if I believed in *their* ghosts.

★ ★ ★

"And exactly where does this ghost appear?" Susanna asked.

"In the downstairs locker room, when the moon is full," I replied solemnly.

Marsha gave a nervous giggle. "And who is it the ghost of, exactly?"

"Well," I said. "It's the ghost of a man who lived in this house three hundred years ago – before it was a school. That underground locker room used to be a prison cell, and this man was locked away down there for a hundred years!"

"Oh, come off it!" Madelaine said. "No-one could be locked away that long!"

"Yes, they could – if they were forgotten about." I said. "They only found his bones when the house was sold and the cellar opened up."

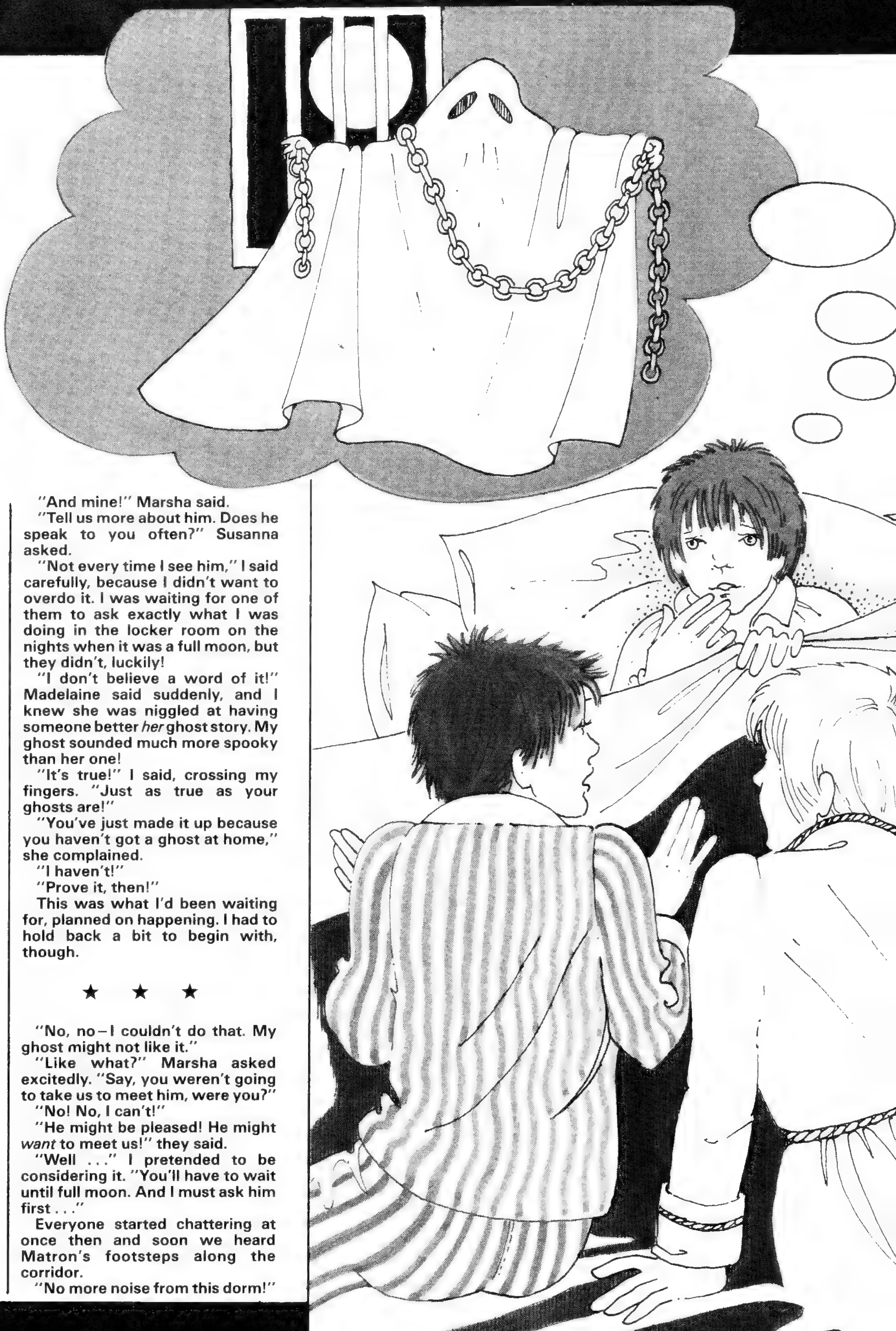
Susanna shivered. "How *horrible*!" she said. "Is . . . is he a skeleton when you see him?"

"No," I said. "He's just a white shape . . . like a formless cloud. (I'd been reading books about ghosts.) And he rattles the chains he was kept in."

"A formless cloud . . ." Marsha repeated in a whisper.

"Yes, all proper ghosts are formless clouds. You don't ever see much of them."

"That's like the ghost in *my* house!" Madelaine put in quickly.



"And mine!" Marsha said.

"Tell us more about him. Does he speak to you often?" Susanna asked.

"Not every time I see him," I said carefully, because I didn't want to overdo it. I was waiting for one of them to ask exactly what I was doing in the locker room on the nights when it was a full moon, but they didn't, luckily!

"I don't believe a word of it!" Madelaine said suddenly, and I knew she was niggled at having someone better *her* ghost story. My ghost sounded much more spooky than her one!

"It's true!" I said, crossing my fingers. "Just as true as your ghosts are!"

"You've just made it up because you haven't got a ghost at home," she complained.

"I haven't!"

"Prove it, then!"

This was what I'd been waiting for, planned on happening. I had to hold back a bit to begin with, though.

★ ★ ★

"No, no—I couldn't do that. My ghost might not like it."

"Like what?" Marsha asked excitedly. "Say, you weren't going to take us to meet him, were you?"

"No! No, I can't!"

"He might be pleased! He might *want* to meet us!" they said.

"Well . . ." I pretended to be considering it. "You'll have to wait until full moon. And I must ask him first . . ."

Everyone started chattering at once then and soon we heard Matron's footsteps along the corridor.

"No more noise from this dorm!"

she cried, flinging the door open. "If you persist in talking all night then you'll have to go to bed at seven o'clock, like the first years!"

"Sorry, Matron," we all said again, and then had to content ourselves with mouthing words and making signs to each other. That wasn't very satisfactory because we could hardly see each other in the dark!

★ ★ ★

I didn't sleep for ages that night because I was so excited about my plan. I was going to have a real big joke with them. I was going to dress up in a sheet and rattle a chain and they'd be absolutely scared to death! It didn't really matter, either, if they found out afterwards that it had been me all the time, because the joke would have been played by then. The object was to frighten them to death!

The following Saturday I went into town on my own and bought a chain in a hardware shop – and then I went into a joke shop and bought a funny gadget you put in your mouth and which makes a cross between a whistle and a moan. The white sheet I knew I could get from Matron's cupboard.

It was five more days until full moon – and five more nights when the girls in the dorm asked me questions about 'my' ghost. Had he died of starvation or what (I said I hadn't liked to ask), what had he done to be locked away and why was he still haunting the school? They wanted to know all these things, and I said that soon they'd be able to ask him themselves.

At last it was the night of the full moon.

"I can't *wait*!" Marsha said as we were getting undressed that night.

"I'm not sure I believe you but I can't wait either," Madelaine said. "At least we'll be able to find out if you're telling the truth."

"Now, don't blame me if he won't appear in front of you," I said. "He's a very shy ghost – remember he didn't see *anyone* for a hundred years."

"Tell him we'll all be most respectful," Susanna said. "We'll keep our distance."

I peeped out of our dormitory door to see if the coast was clear. "Now, you lot give me ten minutes or so to talk to him and then come down," I said. "Come in one by one – he doesn't like crowds."

"Where will you be?" Marsha asked.

"I'll be down there somewhere giving him some encouragement," I said. "And don't make too much noise before you go down, or matron will come along and notice that I'm not in my bed!"

I crept away down the corridor, pausing only to collect my sheet, chain and ghostly device from the English cupboard where I'd hidden them!

There was a tiny beam of moonlight coming in through a high window in the locker room, but apart from that it was in darkness. Perfect for a ghostly appearance!

I went behind the games lockers and slipped the sheet over my head. I'd already sewn up the sides so it was like a large envelope with big bat-wing sleeves, and I'd made two tiny holes for me to see through. I put the whistle in my mouth and picked up the chain. I was all ready for them!

I moved towards the door, shivering a little with a mixture of excitement and fright. It was a spooky old place, enough to give anyone the creeps.

I stopped suddenly. There was someone there! It looked like one of the girls, too early. I gave a short wail but the girl just turned and smiled. "Who are you?" she said.

I was so surprised I dropped the whistle out of my mouth. It wasn't Madelaine or Susanna or Marsha. But no-one else I knew!

"I'm Janey Thomson and I'm a third year. Who are you?" I asked. I was *sure* I hadn't seen her before.

"I'm Lily Kemp," she said.

"And are you in the Sixth year?" She was certainly tall enough, but there was something strange about her uniform.

"I *was*."

★ ★ ★

I looked at her more closely: she had long dark hair, tied up at the back, and she was wearing a cream blouse and an old-fashioned gym-slip with the school crest on. She also carried a boater in her hand – and we never wore *those*. "What are you doing here?" she asked curiously.

"Well . . . I . . . I know I shouldn't be here, but I'm just having a joke with my friends. You won't tell on me, will you?"

"No, indeed!" She shook her head and the tail of hair swung. "But why are you in that strange garb?"

"It's . . . it's just a sheet. I'm supposed to be a ghost!"

She laughed delightedly. "I see. But ghosts aren't like that!"

"Well, I . . . in the books they are!"

"But in real life they are just like ordinary people. Like you or I! You can hardly tell that there's any difference."

"Oh," I said. I wanted to ask how she knew but I thought it would have sounded rude.

"And they haunt quite ordinary places. Where they died, usually."

"Oh." I gulped. I was beginning to feel quite strange and shivery.

"Take me, for instance. When the bomb dropped on the school in the Second World War I was just coming down the stairs – and that's where I keep finding myself. Or sometimes I'm in here, where our air raid shelter used to be."

I swallowed hard and started moving towards the door. There was something strange about this Lily Kemp, something strange and spooky . . .

"Oh, do you have to go?" she asked politely. "I was so enjoying our chat. It's been a long time since I spoke to another girl properly – about forty years, I think!" She moved towards me as she spoke, and put out her hand to touch me. When she did so I leapt forward with a yelp towards the door, for *her hand had gone right through me*!

★ ★ ★

I ran up the stairs towards our dormitory, tearing the sheet off as I went. I ran through the door just as the girls were coming down.

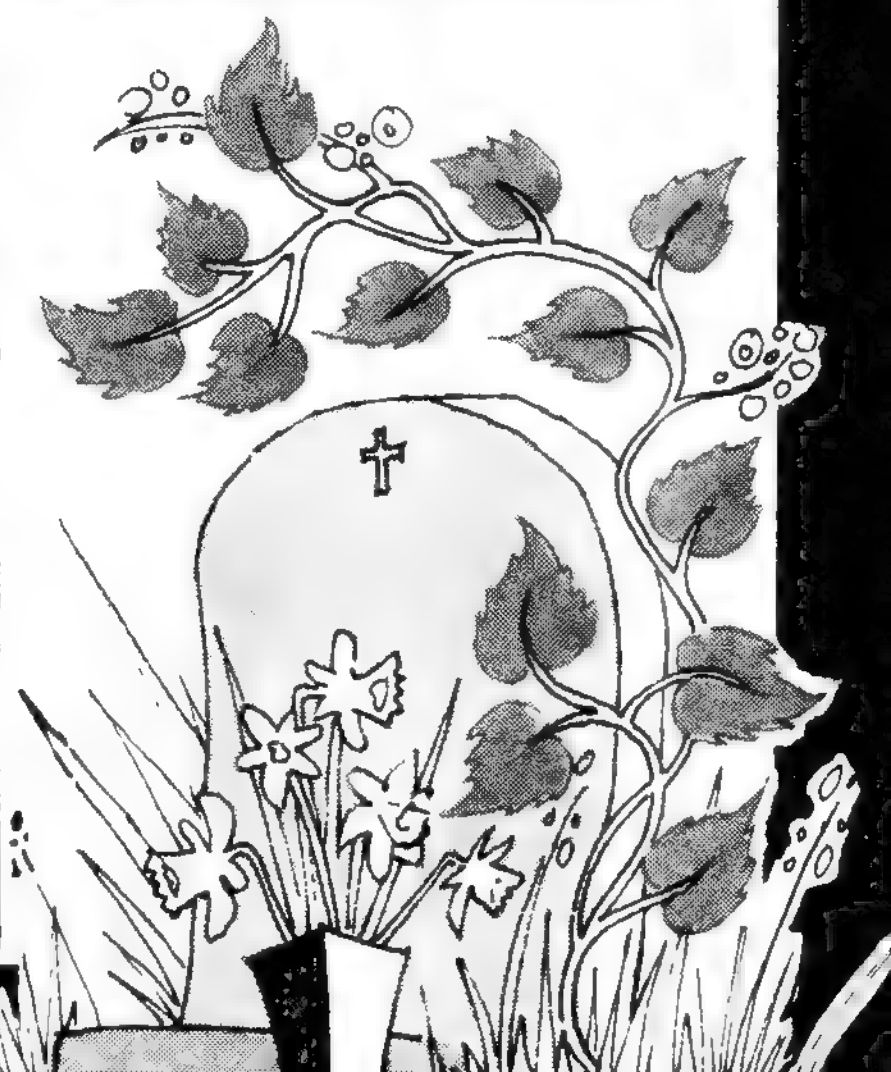
"What's the matter?" "Why have you come back?" "Won't he see us?" they asked, but I leapt straight into bed, pulled the covers over my head and couldn't answer them for ages and ages.

When I *did* tell them, they didn't believe me. They could believe in the idea of a ghost who rattled chains and moaned, it seemed, but not in a girl called Lily Kemp who looked quite normal in every way.

By the weekend I half wondered if I'd dreamt it all, but then coming out of chapel on Sunday I saw a small grave standing on its own.

'In memory of Lily Kemp,' it said. 'Died during an air raid on the school on 14th January 1942.'

Every time I go into town now I buy some flowers to put on the grave – but Madelaine, Marsha and Susanna still don't believe me . . .



Skipper Scents Trouble!

Skipper was in Barbie's room trying to get round her. . .

OH, PLEASE LET ME BORROW YOUR PINK DRESS FOR THE SHOW AT SCHOOL! I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO IT!

LIKE YOU DIDN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THE RED ONE I LENT YOU?

WELL, THAT WAS DIFFERENT. HOW DID I KNOW SOMEONE WAS GOING TO TRIP UP WITH A CUP OF COFFEE.

AND HOW DID I KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE RUINED FOREVER?

NO, I'M SORRY, SKIPPER. IT WOULD BE MILES TOO LONG FOR YOU, ANYWAY.

I COULD HITCH IT UP OR SOMETHING. OH, PLEASE, BARBIE!

WELL, CAN I BORROW YOUR DISCO GLITTER THEN. . .AND YOUR HAIR MOUSSE. . .AND YOUR BUBBLE BATH?

WE'LL SEE, SKIPPER.

I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS – NO! IT'S JUST NOT FAIR, SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING!

SHE'S ALWAYS GOING OUT TO NICE PLACES. . .AND I'M STUCK AT HOME LIKE CINDERELLA!

OH WELL, IF SHE'S GONE OUT I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF IT. . .

CINDERS, YOU SHALL GO TO THE BALL!

I'M GOING TO TRY ON EVERYTHING IN HER WARDROBE!

INCLUDING HER VERY LATEST OUTFIT AND – WHOOPS!

OH NO! IT'S HER FAVOURITE, MOST EXPENSIVE PERFUME THAT KEN GAVE HER. HER FRENCH FLOWERS!

OH KEN, DARLING, IT'S MARVELLOUS. YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE!

OH CRUMBS. . .WHAT ON EARTH AM I GOING TO DO? SHE'LL KILL ME! I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER CLEAR UP, ANYWAY.

Just when she'd almost finished clearing up there was a ring at the doorbell. . .

OH! WHO'S THAT?

IS BARBIE. . .OOF! WHAT'S ALL THIS?

THANK GOODNESS IT'S YOU! OH KEN, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME – I'VE BROKEN THAT BOTTLE OF PERFUME YOU BOUGHT BARBIE!

SHE'S GOING TO ABSOLUTELY KILL ME! SHE LOVES THAT PERFUME AND I SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE **BEEN** IN HER ROOM!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER TRY TO REPLACE IT THEN, LOVE.

I'VE GOT SOME MONEY UPSTAIRS BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH. D'YOU. . . D'YOU THINK YOU COULD LET ME HAVE A LOAN? I'LL PAY YOU BACK OUT OF MY POCKET MONEY!

I SHOULD THINK SO. LET'S SEE WHAT MONEY I'VE GOT HERE.

Skipper left Ken downstairs waiting for Barbie and rushed upstairs to have a count-up.

THANKS, KEN – YOU'RE A PAL!

WITH MY HOLIDAY PIGGY, MY BIRTHDAY PIGGY AND MY CHRISTMAS PIGGY I SHOULD JUST HAVE ENOUGH. . .IT WILL LEAVE ME FLAT BROKE, BUT I'VE **GOT** *TO REPLACE IT. BARBIE'LL NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN OTHERWISE!*

And Skipper dashed off to the shops just as Barbie came in. . .

WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO IN SUCH A RUSH?

IMPORTANT JOB! GOT TO DASH! KEN'S IN THE SITTING ROOM WAITING FOR YOU. 'BYE!

But even so Skipper didn't have quite enough money. . .

THIS BOTTLE IS OUR HALF SIZE ONE, MADAM.

OH. . .ER. . .IT'S ALL I CAN AFFORD.

I'D BETTER TAKE IT AND HOPE SHE DOESN'T NOTICE.

And back in Barbie's room. . .

I'LL STAND IT IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR SO IT'LL LOOK BIGGER.

PHEW! DONE IT! I JUST HOPE SHE DOESN'T NOTICE IT'S A DIFFERENT SIZE.

But the next day, when Barbie and her friend were gossiping and Skipper was listening. . .

THREE EMPTY, STARVING PIGGIES. . . STILL, IT WAS WORTH IT. BARBIE'S FAVOURITE PERFUME! SHE WOULD NEVER LET ME BORROW ANYTHING AGAIN IF SHE FOUND OUT WHAT I'D DONE.

AND THEN I THOUGHT THAT. . .OH! WHAT A DARLING BOTTLE!

YES, ISN'T IT CUTE?

OH—NO, THIS IS IT! I WONDER IF BARBIE WILL NOTICE IT'S A DIFFERENT SIZE?

IT'S SUCH A NICE SHAPE!

ISN'T IT? THERE'S NO PERFUME IN IT. I FILLED IT WITH WATER AND KEPT THE BOTTLE BECAUSE OF THE PRETTY SHAPE.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I DON'T EVEN LIKE THE PERFUME BUT. . .WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER, SKIPPER? IS IT SOMETHING YOU ATE?

COME ON, SKIPPER, DO SPEAK UP!

AGGHH!

SHE DOESN'T EVEN LIKE IT. NO. . .NO, IT'S NOT SOMETHING I ATE – IT'S SOMETHING I BOUGHT!

WHAT A STRANGE LITTLE GIRL.

THE END

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O—Odour. Body odour. Make sure your best friend doesn't have to tell you that you suffer from this. If you can't bath every day, do make sure you wash from head to toe and, if necessary, use an underarm deodorant. A talc containing deodorant is a useful addition

P—Pierced ears are perfectly safe so long as they're carried out under sterile conditions. Opt for stud sleepers rather than rings, as the dirt on your fingers could cling to the ring and infect the ear as you turn the ring round. If your ears do flare up, you must consult your doctor immediately.

Q—Quality of life. If you're not happy—it reflects on face—no matter how pretty you are. Remember, your greatest beauty asset of all is a smiling face. If you've got problems, talk them over with your mum. She was your age once and she'll understand more than you think.

R—Relaxation is important for good looks. You can't burn the candle at both ends and still expect to look good. Don't be afraid to say no to the crowd. If you're too tired to go out, always say so. A night round the telly—or glued to a good book—could be just what you need.

as well as the wind. Use vaseline or lipsalve in all extreme weather conditions.

L—Lipstick. The best way to apply lip colour is with a brush. Start off by outlining your lips with a pencil a shade or so darker than your choice of lipstick and then fill in with colour. Finish off by blotting your lips against tissue—to avoid leaving telltale marks on cups and mugs.

M—Mascara. Expertly applied mascara can make a dramatic difference to your looks. Build

it up carefully — allowing each coat to dry before applying the next. Always apply less rather than more than you think you need to avoid that 'clogged' lashes look. For special occasions, match your lash colour to your eyeshadow.

N—Nails. Bitten, ragged nails your problem? Join the club! You need an incentive. Get someone to buy you a manicure set complete with nail polish—and promise yourself you'll use them as soon as your nails are looking better. In the meantime, apply a colourless gloss to add shine and protect them.

S—Scent. For maximum effect, apply to pulse points round the hairline, the nape of the neck, behind the ears, in the crook of the arm, inside the wrists and knees and on either side of the ankles. Remember, the perfume that smells so good on your friend, might not smell so good on you, so do test before you buy. Try to match up soap, talc and bubble bath. You'll smell gorgeous.

T—Teeth. One of the first things, alongside hands, that people notice about you. Keep yours looking good with regular trips to the dentist backed up by a dental routine of your own. If you're not sure how to care for them, ask to speak to a dental hygienist next time you see your dentist.

U—Unwanted hair. Remove underarm hair with a depilatory cream or a razor. Hairy legs can cause more of a problem. If they're not noticeable it's best to leave them as once you start shaving, they grow back faster and coarser so it turns into a full time chore. Don't start shaving them unless it's really necessary!

V—Vitamins. Make sure you get plenty. In winter, vitamin supplements may be necessary when sunshine and fresh fruits are missing. But in summer, soak them up the natural way with lots of sun and eat fresh crispy fruits and salads.

W—Weight. It doesn't matter what you weigh so long as it's in proportion to your height and frame. So don't compare your weight to that of your friends—it's a waste of time. Only you know if you're truly overweight. And the only way to lose weight is to eat less— and that means cutting out all those fattening snacks. If you do that, you can still enjoy three meals a day.

X—eXcess in any form is bad for your looks. Excess food, too many late nights, even excess exercise can be harmful. So take it easy and stick to a regular routine.

Y—Yoga. Yoga can stretch and activate all the muscles in your body in a way which no other exercise can, say the experts. It's definitely deeply relaxing, so if you can't get to a class, study a book at home on your own or with a friend.

Z—Zeal. And that's what you need to follow all these rules. Looking beautiful all the time is hard work. Keep at it!

SKIPPER CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP

SUZY AND THE MERMAID

Have you heard of a disappearing mermaid?

The summer I was in Cornwall it was burning hot and most of the time I just laid on the beach and sizzled in the sun. I was secretly rather glad that none of my friends had come on holiday with me. Peace and quiet was what I was after – that's why I was so pleased to find the deserted little cove.

It was about fifteen minutes walk along the cliff top from the guest house I was staying in, and then a long, hard climb down some steps cut out of the rock. I was quite puffed out when I got to the bottom – and not a bit surprised that no-one else had attempted the climb down!

It was perfect, though – sun and sand and rock pools. I slipped my beach wrap off my shoulders and flopped down onto my straw mat.

I think I dozed for a while in the hot sun, and then I woke up all of a sudden not knowing if it was the call of a seagull overhead or the fact that my legs were pink and stinging which had woken me. I sat up and reached for the sun tan lotion and it was then that I saw her – a beautiful mermaid sitting on a rock a little way out in the sea, combing her long golden hair!

I gasped in amazement and then rubbed my eyes and blinked several times. I must be dreaming. I *had* to be. There were no such things as mermaids! I pinched myself to make sure I was awake, then looked again. She was still there! She held a glittering mirror high in the air and she looked into it as she sat and combed her long, wavy hair. Curled down the rock, instead of legs, she had a glistening green tail!

I shivered a bit in spite of the hot sun. It was all a bit creepy. She must be some sort of ghost – a daylight, summertime ghost.

I pulled on my beach dress and began to walk towards where she was sitting. To get there I had to clamber over some sharp rocks and I stopped once and looked down at my foot, thinking I'd cut myself. I hadn't, though, but when I looked up again the mermaid had disappeared.

I gasped again. Where on earth had she gone to?

"Hey! Wait there, will you? Please wait!"

I looked around me – the voice was coming from higher up the cliff. I shielded my eyes against the sun and could just see the figure of a girl, standing and waving to me.

"Hello!" she called down. "Will you wait?"

"Okay!" I shouted back, mystified. Perhaps she'd be able to tell me about the mermaid. Perhaps it was her little joke on holiday-makers like me.

The girl ran down the cliff steps expertly and arrived by the side of me. She was about my age, but much tinier, with small hands and feet and an anxious, worried expression.

"I hope you didn't mind me shouting at you like that," she said, "but I so wanted you to stay."

"That's all right," I said, smiling at her.

"It's just that – well, did . . . did you see anything on that rock, that one there?" And she pointed towards the mermaid's rock.

I nodded. "I know it sounds ridiculous but I thought . . . I thought I saw a mermaid".

"Oh!" She gave a trembling sigh and looked at me as if she was going to burst into tears. "Oh, thank goodness! You see, I was so scared you'd say you hadn't seen her!"

"I *did* see her. She had long golden hair and a green tail and . . ." I looked at her curiously. "What's it all about – some sort of joke?"

"Oh no, nothing like that!" She sank down on the sand and I noticed that she was trembling. "I've seen her for days and days now. Every time I walk along the cliff I seem to see her – but then by the time I get down here she's disappeared. I was beginning to think I must be imagining her . . . beginning to think I was going mad!"

I took her hand. "Of *course* you're not going mad!" I said. "Now, why don't you tell me the whole story?" I knew, somehow, that she had a story to tell.

"I . . . I'd like to," she said. "Maybe you could help." She hesitated and then took a breath and began. "I live up there on the top of the cliff, in a big old house called Trerock Manor."

"I've heard of it!" I said. "The manageress in the boarding house was talking about it. It's got scores of rooms and antiques and everything but . . . but it's falling to pieces, isn't it?"

The girl nodded and smiled wryly. "It's a beautiful old house but there's no money to run it properly – and you can't eat antiques! My . . . my uncle wants to sell it, have it pulled down and put a caravan site up instead, but . . ." and her eyes really did fill with tears this time, ". . . but my grandfather would have hated him to do that. I don't know how I can stop him, though."

"And where *is* your grandfather?" I prompted gently.

"He's dead now. He died three months ago. His name was Joseph Trerock and I'm Tessa Trerock and I've lived in that house ever since my parents were killed in an accident when I was a baby. My grandfather brought me up as his own child – and he told me that one day Trerock Manor would be mine, but when he died my uncle and his daughter came to live with me and they've just taken everything over."

"But surely . . . I mean, wasn't there a will or anything, so you could prove your grandfather meant you to have the house?"

She shook her head. "Nothing's been found, and according to the law my uncle is entitled to the house. If only I could find grandfather's old box, though . . ."

"What box is that?"

"Just an old tin one that he carried everywhere with him. He always told me that he kept his treasure in it – and I'm sure the will would be in there, too."

"So where could it have gone?"

She shook her head again. "I've searched everywhere – and so has my uncle and my cousin. I'm scared that if they find it before me they might destroy the will and then I'd never be able to prove that grandfather wanted me to have the house."

"I see," I said slowly. "At least, I think I do. But where does that

mermaid come into all this?"

The girl – Tessa – smiled nervously. "Of course, I haven't told you that bit yet. Grandfather did leave me a letter, you see." She scrabbled in her pocket. "I always keep it with me, just in case I can solve the puzzle."

"*What* puzzle?" I asked, getting more and more muddled.

"Here it is!" She took a folded piece of paper from the pocket of her dress and read out: 'When the mermaid you find, when her locks you touch, Then shall be granted what you wish so much.'

"So the mermaid holds the secret! The mermaid will somehow lead you to the old tin box!"

"That's what I'm hoping – but whenever I try to get to her, she disappears. Somehow I've got to reach her and touch her hair, like it says in the poem."

I looked out to sea, out to where the mermaid had been. Now there were just a few seagulls wheeling round an empty rock.

"I've mentioned seeing her to uncle, but he just laughs and says I must be imagining things and he'll have me locked up."

"You're not seeing things though, are you?" I said. "Not unless I'm seeing them, too!"

"I shall tell uncle that! I shall tell him that I'm not going mad!"

"Of course you're not! Just a minute, though . . ." I looked at her thoughtfully. "Does your uncle know about this note your grandfather left?"

Tessa nodded. "Of course. I can never have any secrets from him."

"Do you think that perhaps your grandfather might have made the note deliberately difficult to understand, so that your uncle wouldn't get to the treasure before you?"

Tessa looked at me, half-scared. "I wondered that myself," she said. "That's why I'm so anxious to solve the puzzle before he does."

"Then perhaps you'd better not mention the mermaid to him any more," I said. "And don't tell him that *I've* seen it."

"If you think that's best." She jumped up suddenly. "Let's walk towards the rock!"

"And see if we can find any clues," I finished.

"Are you going to help me, then?"

I nodded. "Of course I am! I haven't got anything better to do." And who wants a peace-and-quiet holiday on their own anyway, I thought.

We walked towards the little rock. There was a line of larger rocks behind it, and the cliffs stretched out behind them, making one end of the small bay. The tide was going out because the sea which had been lapping up the

sides of the rock was no more than a puddle round its base now.

I climbed onto the rock. "Just here, she sat," I said thoughtfully, "looking up towards the cliff."

"Towards Trerock Manor, as if she had a message for me," Tessa put in.

I nodded. "And then, when I looked away from her, she disappeared."

"She always does! She's there when I'm at the top of the cliff, but by the time I get to the bottom she's gone."

"Mmm," I said thoughtfully. I felt I was getting somewhere – though right then I wasn't sure where.

"What about these caves round here?" I asked gesturing to the many cracks and cavities in the cliff face.

"Just caves," Tessa shrugged, and then her eyes suddenly sparkled. "Though grandfather told me tales of smugglers who used these caves once – and he said there used to be a cave with hidden steps at the back of it leading right up to Trerock Manor."

"Really?"

She nodded. "I've never found it, though. I just thought it was one of grandfather's funny old stories."

"But what if it wasn't . . ." I said, and then we stared at each other excitedly.

"Will you come to see me tomorrow?" Tessa asked suddenly. "Come to visit me at Trerock Manor?"

"I'd love to."

"I've got a feeling that you're going to be able to help me solve the mystery."

"I hope so!" I said, for although we'd only just met, I really liked her and felt I wanted to help. She seemed as though she really needed a friend!

I wasn't due at Trerock Manor until tea-time the next day, so in the morning I did some detective work – I asked the boarding house manageress about Tessa's uncle. She didn't have a good word to say about him!

"A nasty piece of work, that one!" she said. "And his daughter's not much better. They're after all they can get and they don't mind how they go about it."

"I see," I said grimly.

"That nice old Mr Trerock never meant *him* to have the Manor, you mark my words," she went on. "Miss Tessa was born to live there – he'd turn in his grave if he thought anyone was going to take it from her."

"I'll have to make sure no-one does, then," I said quietly to myself.

Trerock Manor was big and forbidding, built of massive grey stone blocks. It looked as if it had been built five hundred years ago and would stand for another five hundred – it was only when you were inside that you could see how it had been allowed to go to ruin. The paint and wallpaper were peeling in the hall, the velvet curtains were faded and ragged at the edges, and though it was summer the place felt damp and cold.

Tessa's uncle came in while I was standing in the hall. He strode up to me and glowered down with eyes that were cold and glittering.

"I'm Daniel Trerock," he said unsmilingly. "And who are you?"

"Suzy," I said. "A friend of Tessa's."

"I didn't know she *had* any friends! But if you are her friend maybe you can stop her making up these daft silly tales about mermaids!"

"But I've . . ." I began, and thought better of it.

"Blasted ridiculous! The girl's going off her head!" he said, and then he roared up the stairs for Tessa to come down.

We went into the library, just off the hall.

"Don't let uncle frighten you," she said. "He's like that with everyone."

"He *did* frighten me," I said, "but never mind about that now. Have you seen the mermaid again?"

She nodded, looking scared. "This morning, I walked along the cliffs and there she was."

"Same rock?"

Another nod. "Always the same rock. It's as if . . . as if she knows when I'll be out for a walk." She grabbed my arm, "Oh, what d'you think it all means, Suzy? What is she trying to tell me?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "I intend finding out, though."

"If only you could!"

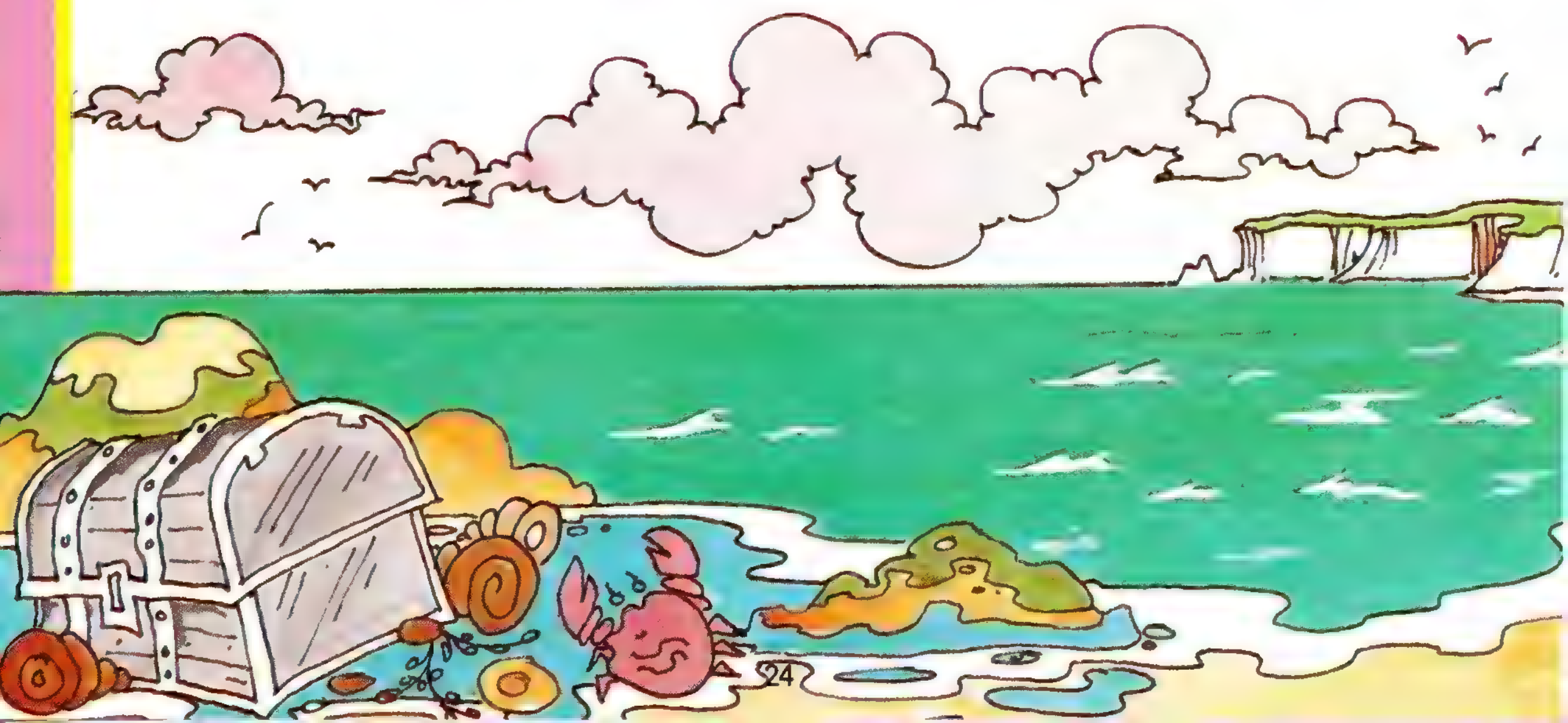
I thought for a moment. "Where's your cousin? I thought you said your uncle had a daughter."

"He does," Tessa said, "I don't see much of her, though. She's got a job in town, so she says – she's never here. I don't even see her at mealtimes because her and my uncle eat together and I eat with the housekeeper."

She pulled me towards the door. "But let me show you round the rest of the house! It's a bit run-down, I'm afraid. Not like it was when I was little."

"I'd love to see it," I said. "It's about the biggest house I've ever been in – run-down or not."

The house *was* huge, but most of the rooms looked as if they hadn't been used for years. The furniture was covered in dust sheets and the windows were shuttered in most of them. There was a pink room and a blue room and a green drawing room. And a once-



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A Bouquet for Barbie

Mrs. Barrington, a wealthy lady, had asked Barbie out to lunch. With the coffee, came the catch!

IT'S THE GALA FASHION SHOW, YOU SEE. I'D RUN IT MYSELF, BUT MY CHARITY WORK HAS GOT RATHER OUT OF HAND THIS YEAR.

BUT WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO DO EXACTLY?

OH, NOTHING MUCH! HARRIDGES ARE SUPPLYING ALL THE CLOTHES SO YOU'D JUST HAVE TO FIND A LARGE HOTEL ROOM FOR THE SHOW, ARRANGE THE CATERING, ORDER THE FLOWERS – OH, AND BOOK A COMPERE AND SIX MODEL GIRLS.

AND THAT'S...ER...ALL THERE IS TO IT?

AND, JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES, I'M COUNTING ON THIS FASHION SHOW. IT'S THE LAST BIG EVENT OF THE SEASON AND MY LAST CHANCE TO SCORE OVER MRS. FRUMPTON-EWING.

MRS. FRUMPTON-EWING? THE AMERICAN WOMAN?

THAT **DREADFUL** AMERICAN WOMAN! SHE'S DETERMINED TO EARN MORE FOR CHARITY THAN ANYONE ELSE THIS YEAR. SHE'LL STOP AT NOTHING, SO I HEAR.

I SEE.

SO YOU WILL HELP ME, WON'T YOU? YOU HAVE **MUCH** MORE IDEA ABOUT FASHIONS THAN I HAVE AND I'D BE **SO** GRATEFUL!

OH DEAR.

YES, OF COURSE I'LL DO IT, MRS. BARRINGTON.

OH NO! THAT DREADFUL WOMAN HAS EVEN MANAGED TO GET IN HERE.

MY DEAR! HOW MARVELLOUS TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL!

GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. FRUMPTON-EWING. PERHAPS I COULD INVITE YOU TO A CHARITY FUNCTION OF MINE AT THE END OF THE MONTH.

I'D BE DELIGHTED TO COME, NATURALLY. I EXPECT YOU NEED ALL THE CUSTOM YOU CAN GET.

IT'S THE 31st. YOU'LL SEND MRS. FRUMPTON-EWING AN INVITATION, WON'T YOU, BARBIE?

OF COURSE.

OH DEAR, I SENSE TROUBLE.

So Barbie started making the arrangements. First the hotel. . .

MR. GRIGSON, I SHOULD LIKE TO BOOK A LARGE RECEPTION SUITE FOR A CHARITY FASHION SHOW ON THE 31st.

CERTAINLY, MADAM.

The florists. . .

I'D LIKE SIX PINK AND WHITE FLOWER ARRANGE-MENTS, VERY LARGE FOR A FASHION SHOW.

OF COURSE, MADAM!

And the caterers. . .

A LIGHT BUFFET LUNCH FOR ONE HUNDRED, PLEASE. I'LL RING WITH FINAL NUMBERS THE DAY BEFORE.

DELIGHTED TO DO BUSINESS, MADAM.

LADY CARLTON, MRS. DALLAS-TRIMBLE, THE HON. VENETIA CORDELL...LET'S HOPE THEY ALL COME—AND GIVE HUGE DONATIONS!

It wasn't until three days before the show that things started to go wrong.

IVORY HOTEL HERE, MADAM. I'M VERY SORRY TO HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT WE HAVE A PRIOR BOOKING ON THE 31st.

OH — BUT YOU **CAN'T** HAVE!

I'M SO SORRY, MADAM! A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, I CAN'T THINK HOW IT HAPPENED.

THANK YOU, MY MAN. I WON'T FORGET THIS.

THINK, BARBIE, THINK! IT'S TOO LATE TO BOOK ANOTHER HOTEL — BUT WHAT ABOUT **HERE?** *ROUND THE POOL, PERHAPS ...AND IF KEN HELPS MAYBE WE CAN SAVE THE DAY.*

And so, the day before the show, Barbie was able to ring Mrs. Barrington to tell her all was well.

I'VE HAD ACCEPT-ANCES FROM OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE — AND EVERYONE'S BEEN MOST ENTHUSIASTIC.

MARVELLOUS, MY DEAR. AND SUCH A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS TO SAVE MONEY BY HAVING IT ROUND YOUR POOL!

And on the actual morning...

WONDERFUL! MRS. BARRINGTON'S EVEN ARRANGED FOR THE SUN TO SHINE. IT'S GOING TO BE A LOVELY DAY!

The trouble was, the sun was also shining on Mrs. Frumpton-Ewing...

NOW, YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING CLEAR, HAVE YOU? DO WELL AND THERE'LL BE A LARGE BONUS IN IT FOR YOU.

IT'S ALL QUITE CLEAR, MA'AM.

WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

And soon after that. . .

DIVERSION THIS WAY

ROAD BLOCK

I'VE JUST SEEN THE MODEL AGENCY MINIVAN COMING OVER THE HILL. THEY'VE GOT A SURPRISE COMING!

THAT'S FUNNY! IT SAYS 'ROAD BLOCK', AND I'VE GOT TO TURN DOWN AN OLD DIRT TRACK.

ROAD BLOCK

THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT, LOLA!

WHAT ON EARTH!?

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING! HELP!

THEY'LL NEED A TRACTOR TO GET OUT OF THERE. THEY'LL **NEVER** GET TO THE SHOW.

Meanwhile, back at the poolside. . .

THANKS FOR COMING TO HELP WITH THESE HIRED CHAIRS, KEN. YOU DIDN'T SEE THE FLORISTS VAN ON YOUR WAY IN, DID YOU?

I THINK I SAW IT GOING UP THE DRIVE JUST A MOMENT AGO.

I'D BETTER GO AND CHECK.

I'LL FINISH HERE, THEN.

OH NO! WHATEVER WERE THE FLORISTS **THINKING** OF? I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND IN THE WOODS.

I'VE LOCKED ALL THE REAL ARRANGEMENTS IN THE SHED. MRS. FRUMPTON-EWING WILL BE PLEASED!

And half an hour later. . .

BUNCHES OF WILD FLOWERS AND GRASSES! WHAT A GREAT IDEA!

I JUST HOPE NOW MRS. BARRINGTON THINKS SO! I'D BETTER GO AND SEE IF THE MODELS HAVE ARRIVED.

NO SIGN OF THE MODELS YET, MADAM?

HARRIDGES MOBILE FASHION DISPLAY UNI

NO. NO. . .I WAS HOPING THEY'D BE IN HERE GETTING CHANGED. PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO ARRIVE. WHERE ON EARTH CAN THEY BE?

But it was just as well that Barbie didn't know, or she might have panicked. . .

ALTOGETHER NOW!

PUSH!

HEAVE!

BUT I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THE MODELS AT THE MOMENT. I'VE GOT TO GO AND SEE IF THE FOOD IS ALL RIGHT.

THIS ALL LOOKS MARVELLOUS!

GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT, EH?

NO TIME FOR EATING NOW, KEN! SEE IF MRS. BARRINGTON HAS ARRIVED, WILL YOU? WE'LL NEED HER TO COLLECT EVERYONE'S DONATIONS.

RED PEPPER

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BARBIE.

I'LL GO BACK TO THE FASHION UNIT. THE MODELS **MUST** BE HERE BY NOW, SURELY!

I HOPE SO. HELLO! WHY IS **THIS** OPEN? I'D BETTER SHUT IT.

THAT'S DONE IT. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SPRINKLE RED PEPPER AND MAKE THE FOOD UNEATABLE.

RED PEPPER

So, although Ken didn't know it, he'd just ruined the next of Mrs. Frumpton-Ewing's plans. . .

But at Harridge's van. . .

NEARLY ALL THE GUESTS ARE HERE NOW, BUT STILL NO SIGN OF THE MODELS. WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, MADAM?

I DAREN'T LEAVE IT ANY LONGER. EMERGENCY MEASURES ARE CALLED FOR.

HARRIDG
FASH
DISPLAY U

KEN TOLD ME YOU WANTED ME, DEAR. IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

OH YES, MRS. BARRINGTON. EVERYTHING'S. . .ER. . .FINE.

I KNEW I COULD TRUST YOU, BARBIE!

THE MODELS AREN'T HERE YET, KEN! LOLA WAS DRIVING THEM AND SHE WAS GOING TO COMPERE THE SHOW FOR ME. **YOU'LL** HAVE TO DO IT!

BUT...BUT...

BUT WHO'S GOING TO MODEL ALL THE CLOTHES FOR YOU?

JUST LEAVE ALL THAT TO ME! I'LL SEND OUT A LIST OF THE DRESSES THAT WILL BE WORN.

HARRIDGES PHO
FASHION
DISPLAY UNIT

THE GUESTS ARE ALL SEATED, THE DRESSES ARE WAITING. I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO MODEL THEM MYSELF AND TRY AND LOOK LIKE SIX DIFFERENT GIRLS!

I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT I'VE GOT TO RESCUE THE DAY SOMEHOW.

Meanwhile, outside, Ken was trying to warm up the audience.

AND SO. . .ER. . .LADIES, I'M PLEASED TO WELCOME YOU TO THE START OF THIS ER. . .GALA FASHION SHOW. ANY MOMENT NOW THE FIRST OF OUR LOVELY MODELS WILL APPEAR. . .

AND HERE SHE IS! THIS IS. . .ER. . .WENDY, WEARING A FANTASTIC NUMBER IN GREEN SILK. . .

Although there was one member of the audience who didn't seem quite as enthusiastic as everyone else. . .

And after 'Wendy' there was 'Tricia' then 'Danielle' and 'Anna' and the crowd went wild for them!

WHAT **CAN** *HAVE HAPPENED? THEY'VE GOT HERE AFTER ALL. WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT CHAUFFEUR!*

Though it was as well that the important guests couldn't see inside the van. . .

OH, HURRY, HURRY! THEY'RE GOING TO SUSPECT SOMETHING'S UP OTHERWISE!

HOLD STILL, MADAM. I MUST DO UP THESE BUTTONS.

And somehow Barbie got through to the final outfit. . .

AND LASTLY WE HAVE THIS EXQUISITE WEDDING DRESS WORN BY ANNA. . .

WONDERFUL!

BEAUTIFUL!

SUCH LOVELY GIRLS!

SOME OF OUR MODELS HAVE HAD TO RUSH OFF TO OTHER JOBS, BUT. . .ER. WENDY HERE WILL RECEIVE YOUR APPLAUSE. AND IF YOU'VE ALL ENJOYED YOURSELVES, I TRUST YOU'LL GIVE GENEROUSLY. . .

WONDERFUL CLOTHES!

BEAUTIFUL MODELS!

And later while Mrs. Frumpton-Ewing crept away defeated, Barbie took a well-earned rest. . .

PHEW! WHAT A DAY!

BARBIE, DARLING! EVERYTHING WENT MARVELLOUSLY — WITHOUT A HITCH — AND I'VE COLLECTED HUNDREDS OF POUNDS IN DONATIONS!

WITHOUT A HITCH — IF ONLY SHE KNEW!

WHY, THANK YOU, MRS. BARRINGTON.

AND WHEREVER DID YOU FIND THOSE BEAUTIFUL MODELS? WISH YOU AND I WERE AS GLAMOROUS, EH, BARBIE?

IF ONLY, MRS. BARRINGTON, IF ONLY. . .

THE END

Skipper Leads Madame A Dance!

All Skipper needed was a little help from Ken . . .

"Skipper, I honestly don't think I can stand it much longer!" Debbie said to me.

We were coming out of Madame Marcati's Dancing Academy after our weekly class and I stopped on the steps and looked at her sympathetically. "I know what you mean," I said: "Danielle!"

"You've got it! She's absolutely impossible! The way she hogs the limelight all the time!"

I nodded glumly. "That's what comes of being Madame's niece, though. In Madame's eyes she can do no wrong."

"Even in my solo she tries to take everyone's attention from me by coughing or moving in front of me!"

★ ★ ★

"And it isn't even as if *your* solo's are anything like as long as hers."

Debbie looked at me, her eyes fiery. "I *know* I'm as good as her, though."

"You're miles better!"

"But Madame just never gives me a chance."

We began to walk home, swinging our bags that contained our ballet shoes. I wasn't nearly as good a dancer as Debbie, I didn't even get to *do* any solo's, but I could understand how she felt. Every time Madame put on a display or show Danielle got the starring role—even though compared to Debbie she danced like a carthorse! Madame pushed her, though, gave her private tuition and put her in for all the medals and certificates going. She was determined to make her a star.

"I just *know* what the end of term display is going to be like," Debbie said, kicking at a stone crossly and sending it skidding along the pavement. "All of *us* in the back line and Danielle in the front with the spotlight on her."

I nodded. "And Madame will be backstage with her fingers crossed, waiting for someone to come along and recognise her darling niece's star quality, carry her off to London and make her a prima ballerina."

"I wish they would! At least that would leave space for the rest of us to dance!"

"If only we . . ." I stopped suddenly and clapped my hand to my head. "I've just had a fantastic idea!" I said. "It'll really bring Danielle down a peg or two."

"Oh yes?" Debbie said. She was used to my fantastic ideas—and they didn't usually come to anything. This time, though . . .

"I've got to go home!" I said.

"Why all the rush?"

"I'll tell you if it works out! See you!" I said, dashing off down the road.

On the way home I planned exactly what I'd say to Ken, how I'd get round him. It was just the most brilliant idea I'd ever had!

My luck was in—Ken was already at my house waiting for Barbie to get changed.

"I've got the most enormous problem!" I said, trapping him in the living room where he couldn't get away.

"Oh yes?" he said, grinning. "What is it—has the cat refused its food or have you mislaid a packet of sweets or something?"

"I'm *serious*!" I said. "This is important."

"Okay, I'll put my important face on." He passed a hand over his face and it immediately became stern and serious.

"You're still messing about! Listen, aren't you always talking about fair play and everything—about how everyone should be treated the same and all that?"

★ ★ ★

"I don't know—am I?"

"You know you are! Well, there's this friend of mine at ballet class who's an absolutely fantastic dancer, but Madame Marcati never gives her a chance to get on."

"But what could I . . ."

He listened to me for a few minutes more and then at least seemed to understand how deadly serious I was.

"She could be a great star, honestly she could, but Madame never puts her in for any exams or gives her any starring roles. All *she's* concerned about is her silly niece."

"Well, honestly, Skipper . . ." Ken spread out his hands and looked down at them, "it's all very sad, but what can I do?"

"I've thought of that. We've got this big end-of-term display coming up shortly, you see, when Madame invites all the parents and her cronies in the ballet world to come

along and see us perform . . ."

"And?"

"Well, what if you dressed up, disguised yourself as some grand distinguished ballet master and came to the display, then picked *Debbie* as the one with star potential. You could tell Madame she had great promise and must be given every opportunity to get on—and that would change everything!"

Ken burst out laughing.

"Please!" I pleaded. "It means an awful lot to me—and if you do it I . . ." I searched my mind for something I could do for him ". . . I won't pester you and Barbie and I won't ask to come out with you both for a whole year!"

He paused. "Phew!" he said. "That's some offer. You won't hang round us for a whole year?"

I shook my head. "Promise! Just say you'll do it."

"Well," he said slowly. "I *have* got a friend who runs a theatrical dress shop. He could lend me a cloak and cane—and a big hat. Perhaps he could fix me up with a disguise, too. How about a little black moustache and dark glasses?"

"You'll do it, then?" I squealed.

"It might be quite fun. I've always fancied being an actor."

"Oh Ken, thanks!" I gave him the details of Madame's end-of-term display, and also the phone number of her academy, so he could ring to announce his arrival and send her all into a panic! Just as he'd finished taking the phone number down Barbie came in.

"Haven't you got any friends to go and play with, Skipper?" she said hopefully," because Ken and I have got things to talk about."

"Of course," I said, melting away. "I wouldn't dream of disturbing you!" Her astonished face as I went out the door was quite a pleasure to see!

Before class the following week I told Debbie what I'd done.

"How fantastic!" she said, her face lighting up. "Will it work, though?"

"Of course it'll work! All Ken has got to do is mention to Madame that you show great promise, and that will do it. Even *she* can't continue to push Danielle when a grand ballet master has picked you as the only outstanding member of the class."

She giggled. "Imagine Danielle's face!"

"Imagine Madame's!"

Class went ahead with Madame taking us through our paces for the end-of-term display. Madame had decided that we would do thirty minutes of the last act of Swan Lake—and naturally Danielle was to be the dying queen swan and Debbie and the rest of us were just to run on and off stage fluttering our 'wings' at her.

★ ★ ★

"At the display I want you .to excel yourselves!" Madame said. "You must set new limits and achieve them! And as for my leetle Danielle, she shall reach 'eights she only dreamed of."

Danielle smirked at the rest of us —and I nudged Debbie hard. It was awfully difficult not to giggle.

During the next few weeks we practised and practised until we were almost as perfect as Madame wanted us. Even Danielle had improved, though she was still more like a duck with flat feet than a dying swan.

"Now girls!" Madame said on our last class before the display. "I want you to dance your 'earts out on Friday, because I 'ave 'eard we may 'ave a famous ballet master in the audience. Eet could lead to all sorts of wonderful opportunities for the right girl!" She beamed at Danielle and I looked at Debbie and winked. It was all working out beautifully!

I re-drilled Ken on what he should say – and reminded him what Debbie looked like. "She's got long blonde plaits on top of her head," I said. "You can't mistake her. Be sure to say she's head and shoulders above everyone else in the class!"

"Don't worry," he said. "You can leave it all to me."

On Friday all the girls were peeping through the stage curtain

waving to their mums and dads – and looking for the mysterious ballet master that Madame had told us to expect.

"There's no-one there," they said one by one. "No-one who looks like a ballet master."

"I don't suppose he'll arrive until the last moment," I said. "I expect his time is valuable."

Even so I was getting worried – and then two minutes before the curtain went up Debbie looked through and turned back to the rest of us excitedly. "He's here!" she said. "He's in the back row and he's wearing a big black hat."

★ ★ ★

We all fought to get to the curtain and see out – all except Danielle. "I don't know why you're bothering," she said haughtily. "It's *me* he's come to see, not you lot."

Madame appeared and clapped her hands for order. "Places, please!" she said, and then she smiled round at us all. "The ballet master is 'ere," she said in a hushed voice. "You must dance as you 'ave never danced before!"

Debbie and I looked at each other and our sides positively ached with the effort of keeping back the giggles. The music started, though, the curtains opened, and soon we forgot about everything else but the dancing.

Even though Debbie and I knew it was only Ken sitting out there, we still wanted to dance our best for everyone else who'd come along to see us.

At the end everyone clapped and cheered and Madame was quite overcome. "You were supreme!" she said to Danielle as she led her forward for yet another curtain call, and Debbie and I looked at each other. They were both about to get a shock!

The audience gradually thinned out and disappeared, just leaving Ken at the back. I hid behind the curtain watching as he advanced towards Madame looking quite magnificent. His friend in the theatrical shop had done him proud! He had a black cape, big black hat, and was beautifully distinguished in a little false grey beard and gold-rimmed glasses.

"Ah, Madame!" I heard him say – and he'd even changed his voice. It sounded loud and booming with a slight accent. "You are to be congratulated on your girls!"

I knew if I looked round the curtain Madame would be doing one of her deep curtsies in front of him or kissing his hand or something silly – so I didn't look!

"You have several pupils who show promise," he went on, "but one, I think has greater talent than all the others."

"Ah, the star of my leetle show . . ." Madame murmured.

"No, indeed, it is someone in the corps de ballet of whom I speak. A most graceful blonde girl, with plaits round her head."

Madame must have been horribly surprised and shocked, but she said nothing. She was probably standing there with her mouth wide open.

"In fact I would like to offer her a part in a little production I am putting on . . ."

I tutted to myself. Ken was going too far now, overplaying. Madame would soon realise there was no 'little production' at all.

"Skipper!" Danielle called, coming up behind me. "I *think* you're supposed to be getting changed. Madame did ask us to," she added in a goody-goody voice.

I followed her towards the dressing room and was just walking by Madame's office when the phone went. Madame had told us to answer it if she wasn't around, so I went in and gave the number.

"Skipper? That's you, isn't it?"

My jaw dropped. I recognised Ken's voice straight away. But how on earth was he . . .

"Look, I'm sorry, love, I just haven't been able to make it."

"But . . ."

"I know I promised but I'll make it up to you. I'll come to your next display, honestly."

"But . . . you . . ."

"I couldn't help it. My boss asked me to go to London and I couldn't refuse. Skipper? Skipper, are you still there?"

"I . . . yes . . . it's okay, Ken," I croaked, still stunned.

"Good kid. See you soon – I'll bring you back a present to make up for it."

★ ★ ★

"Thanks, Ken," I said faintly.

I put down the phone and went into the dressing room – just as Madame appeared.

"Debbie! Debbie, come with me!" she said excitedly. I suppose she was pleased that one of her pupils had been picked, even though it wasn't her beloved Danielle. "I 'ave the most wonderful news for you!"

"Of course, Madame," Debbie said, and she giggled and nudged me as she passed.

I didn't have a chance then to tell her that the false ballet master was a *real* ballet master, because he took her and Madame out to tea, but sometime between the sandwiches and the cream cakes she said she realised it for herself. Anyway, she opens in the West End of London on Friday!

The Perfect Picnic

Barbie woke happily one morning, with the sun blazing down from a clear blue sky and the sound of birds singing outside her window. . .

WHOOPEE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SUNNY DAY!

PERFECT WEATHER FOR MY DAY OFF, ISN'T IT, FLUFF? NO FASHION SHOWS – NO PHOTO SESSIONS – JUST A DAY TO HAVE FUN IN THE SUN!

GOOD MORNING, MRS. MATT! GOOD MORNING, SKIPPER!

AND WHAT A **LOVELY** ONE, MY DEAR.

SUPER!

MY SCHOOL MATES ARE COMING OVER, AND WE'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE THE END OF OUR AWFUL EXAMS!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A STRAWBERRIES 'N' CREAM PARTY ON YOUR HANDS, MRS. MATT.

OH, I DON'T MIND, BARBIE – NOT TODAY. AS LONG AS **YOU'RE** NOT PLANNING TO THROW A **TENNIS** PARTY AT THE SAME TIME?

NO, IT'S TOO HOT FOR TENNIS. I'VE INVITED KEN TO A PICNIC.

IT'LL BE SO NICE DOWN BY THE LAKE, DALLAS.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE ALL THE PRETTY BUTTERFLIES HAVE COME TO JOIN US, TOO!

A moment later, her cheery young photographer friend arrived. . .

SORRY IF I KEPT YOU WAITING, BARBIE. HAD TO GO BACK FOR THE SUNTAN CREAM!

AND YOUR CAMERA, I SEE, YOU WRETCH!

TODAY IS MY DAY OFF FROM MODELLING – REMEMBER?

OH, BE A SPORT, BARBIE. JUST ONE SNAP OF YOU IN THIS SUPER SUMMER SETTING?

OH, ALL RIGHT. IT'S TOO PERFECT A DAY TO SPOIL FOR ANYONE. SO FIRE AWAY, MISTER PHOTOGRAPHER!

I WILL – AS SOON AS THE SUN COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THAT CLOUD!

B–BUT THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY A MOMENT AGO!

WELL, THERE IS NOW, AND WHAT'S MORE –

OOH – A RAINDROP!

And all too soon, to their dismay. . .

QUICK – INTO THE CAR, WHILE THIS SHOWER IS ON!

MAYBE IT'LL CLEAR UP AGAIN AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME!

But, an hour later. . .

'HEAVY RAIN IS EXPECTED IN ALL AREAS. . .'

WELL, WHAT DOES THAT JOKER THINK IS FALLING NOW – LEMONADE?

OH, PLEASE STOP, RAIN, YOU'RE SPOILING EVERYTHING!

And her heart sank deeper, as Ken became more and more gloomy and irritable. . .

HECK, WE CAN'T SIT HERE LIKE MR AND MRS NOAH IN THE BEASTLY ARK! I MIGHT AS WELL DRIVE YOU HOME, BARBIE, AND GET BACK TO SOME WORK IN MY STUDIO!

BUT I CAN'T LEAVE POOR OLD DALLAS. HE MIGHT CATCH A CHILL IF I DON'T GET HIM BACK TO HIS STABLE!

HANG ABOUT, YOU'LL GET **SOAKED**. . .

I THINK THERE'S A BLANKET IN THE BOOT. . .

But in his haste. . .

OHH!

OH, POOR KEN!

GRR, WILL I BE GLAD TO SEE THE BACK OF THIS TYPICAL ENGLISH SUMMER'S DAY!

IT STARTED SO WONDERFULLY, TOO.

. . .AND NOW ALL THE MAGIC HAS GONE!

Barbie felt almost in tears. . .

IT'S SUCH A SHAME. EVERYTHING WAS SO HAPPY WHEN THE DAY BEGAN.

And now. . .

MAKE SURE YOU WIPE YOUR FEET!

AND INTO A HOT BATH WITH YOU, BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH!

YES, MRS. MATT, BUT PLEASE DON'T NAG!

Later, she found her sister sobbing. . .

SKIPPER, DON'T CRY.

B–BUT NONE OF MY SCHOOL FRIENDS CAME, 'COS I. . .I COULDN'T HAVE MY POOL PARTY.

I'M SORRY, LOVE. BUT THERE'LL BE OTHER DAYS.

. . .EVEN IF THIS ONE ISN'T LIKELY TO END HAPPILY FOR US, WITH A RAINBOW TO WISH ON!

Suddenly, though, Ken was at the door. . .

SORRY I WAS SUCH A MISERY EARLIER. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS!

WHERE TO – SUNNY HAWAII, PERHAPS?

NO, IT'S NOT **THAT** FAR. BUT YOU WON'T NEED YOUR MAC.

WILL YOU STOP BEING SO MYSTERIOUS AND TELL ME WHERE YOU **ARE** TAKING ME?

ON ANOTHER PICNIC!

A **PICNIC**? IN **THIS** WEATHER? ARE YOU CRAZY?

And to her amazement. . .

B–BUT THIS IS YOUR STUDIO.

AND HERE'S THE PICNIC! TRUE, THE SEASIDE IS JUST A PAINTED BACKDROP, AND THE 'SUN' IS SUPPLIED BY MY CAMERA LIGHTS. BUT THE SAND IS REAL – FROM MY FIRE BUCKET!

OH, IT'S MARVELLOUS, KEN!

SORRY I COULDN'T INCLUDE ANY BUTTERFLIES, BUT LET IT RAIN, LET IT POUR, WE'LL HAVE OUR OWN SUPER SUMMER'S DAY RIGHT HERE, EH?

OH, YES, KEN, YOU ARE CLEVER! BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF WE MADE IT A THREESOME?

And so Skipper's day ended happily, too.

THE END

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FASHION SHOW

Take a look at them in your local toy shop and pick out your favourite . . .

4 Wedding of the Year playpack. Includes table, chairs, place setting, cake, punchbowl, gifts and invitations.

5 Fabulous Fur Barbie has a fur for every occasion. Isn't she glamorous?

6 Ballerina Barbie dressed in a sparkling tutu has a special body with a twist and turn waist.

VIDEO

A few years ago, the only way of getting your record played on the television was to make a live appearance. The video has changed all that and given us a whole new dimension to enjoy. Some stars have really made the video scene in a spectacular way . . .

STYLE COUNCIL

When Paul Weller was with the Jam they never did much in the way of videos, so he was quite pleased when Style Council came about, to try something different for a change. They always undersell themselves on film, but it's a style of their own which pays off.

★ ★ ★

As Paul says, it's the song itself that really matters, but if the video can help put forward the idea behind it, so much the better.

MADNESS

Madness are the undisputed 'Kings of Video'. From their very first efforts, they have stunned and surprised us every time. Oddly enough, it's a fact that Madness videos only cost a fraction of the money that goes into some of the more lavish productions, but the lads simply don't need bundles of cash to make us laugh.

★ ★ ★

We reckon special credit must go to 'Wings of a Dove' and 'Baggy Trousers'. Well done, lads!

TRACEY ULLMAN

Tracey Ullman has never quite figured out whether she's an actress, a singer or a comedienne – and perhaps that's why her particular brand of videos are so special. They all have lots to laugh at and each one of them is totally new and inventive.

★ ★ ★

Without her videos, we're sure the songs wouldn't have quite the same impact – and that's what it's all about at the end of the day, isn't it?

SUPERSTARS!

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

Most stars have some particular gimmick that sets their videos apart – but Olivia's only gimmick is in her stunning good looks! After just one showing of her videos, half the male population rush out to buy the record!

★ ★ ★

But, seriously now, Olivia's videos have been very entertaining, particularly the one for 'Let's Get Physical'. Do you remember it?

POLICE

One of the most requested videos of all time was the one for 'Wrapped Around Your Finger' from Police.

★ ★ ★

Andy Summers says they all enjoy making the videos almost as much as writing the songs and it's always a challenge to think up new and original ideas. The hall of candles idea will certainly take some beating – but then Andy and the boys are never short of creative talent.

BELLE STARS

When you've got *seven* girls in a group, it can be quite tricky to find a theme that suits them all – and the Belle Stars' secret is they don't try! Each of the girls has her own personality and this is encouraged to show through in the way the videos are made.

★ ★ ★

Our favourite was 'Sign of the Times', but there are plenty of other examples of the Belle Stars' talent for great videos.

AT

Above: Pretend to dance to records or watch tv in Barbie's Entertainment Centre.

Left: A luxurious Bath and Beauty centre. Set includes vanity unit, bathtub and towels.

Top: Dining Centre where Barbie can cook and serve tasty meals to Skipper and Ken.

Come with us for a trip round Barbie's home . . .

HOME

Above: Bubbling Spa where Barbie and her friends can have fun together.

Left: Barbie likes to make sure she's always got plenty of food in her Refrigerator/Freezer.

Below: Bedroom Collection for when it's time to go to bed. Includes wardrobe.

KEN CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP

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Skipper Saves The Day

Excited Barbie was off to model at an exclusive fashion show. . .

'BYE, SKIPPER!

BARBIE — WAIT!

THANK GOODNESS THE FASHION SHOW ISN'T BEING HELD FAR AWAY!

SHE'S FORGOTTEN HER MAKE-UP CASE!

OH, GOSH, I'D BETTER NIP AFTER HER WITH IT ON MY BIKE!

THERE'S BARBIE'S CAR PARKED OUTSIDE. WONDER IF SHE'LL LET ME STAY AND WATCH IT FOR DOING MY GOOD DEED OF THE DAY?

But Skipper found her way barred by a security man. . .

SORRY, YOUNG LADY. THIS DISPLAY IS STRICTLY PRIVATE! NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT A SPECIAL GREEN PASS!

MADAME HELENA'S

OH, BUT I'VE BROUGHT MY SISTER BARBIE'S MODEL CASE. SHE FORGOT IT IN ALL HER EXCITEMENT!

ER — I DON'T SUPPOSE MY SCHOOL BUS PASS COULD GET ME IN? THAT'S SORT OF GREEN.

NOW THEN, NONE OF YOUR SAUCE! ON YOUR BIKE!

WELL, COULDN'T YOU GIVE THIS TO MY SISTER, PLEASE? SHE'LL BE LOST WITHOUT HER SPARKLY EYE-SHADOW AND EVERYTHING.

'FRAID NOT. CAN'T LEAVE MY POST. MORE THAN MY JOB'S WORTH!

OH, SHUCKS, ANYONE WOULD THINK HE WAS GUARDING THE BEASTLY CROWN JEWELS! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

Then her eye caught sight of a nearby open window. . .

GOOD MORNING, SIR. . .MADAM.

IF I'M NIPPY, MAYBE I CAN SNEAK IN THAT WAY BEHIND HIS BACK!

Luck was on Skipper's side, and she found herself in one of the many grand corridors. . .

SHE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE MODELS COMING OUT FROM BEHIND THAT CURTAIN! GREAT, IT PROBABLY LEADS TO BARBIE'S DRESSING ROOM.

But. . .

OH! BUT IF IT'S SO JOLLY HUSH-HUSH, WHAT WAS THE OTHER GIRL UP TO HERE?

STRICTLY PRIVATE NO ADMITTANCE

Then suddenly, Skipper almost jumped out of her skin.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? COME AWAY FROM THAT DOOR AT ONCE!

OH! SORRY, I. . .I WASN'T MEANING TO PRY, MADAME HELENA.

YOU KNOW ME, CHILD?

OH, YES. THEY CALL YOU 'THE QUEEN OF FASHION'! I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURES IN MY SISTER BARBIE'S SCRAPBOOK – NEXT TO PRINCESS DIANA!

HMM, I'M FLATTERED. BUT THAT DOES NOT EXPLAIN WHY YOU ARE AT THIS PRIVATE SHOWING OF MY LATEST CREATIONS?

But then, learning of Skipper's reason, her haughty manner softened. . .

I'M SORRY IF I APPEARED HARSH, MY DEAR, BUT ONE ALWAYS HAS TO BE ON ONE'S GUARD AGAINST SPIES FROM OTHER FASHION HOUSES!

THAT IS WHY NO-ONE IS ALLOWED THROUGH HERE WHERE I KEEP MY SECRET DESIGNS!

NO--ONE, EH? THEN WHAT ABOUT THAT GIRL I SAW. . . ?

COME, LET US TAKE THE CASE TO BARBIE, ALTHOUGH SHE HAS PROBABLY ALREADY BORROWED MAKE-UP FROM DOLORES, MY OTHER PRETTY MODEL!

PRETTY SHE MAY BE. BUT, GOSH, CAN SHE BE TRUSTED?

As she entered the dressing room, Skipper gasped admiringly. . .

WHEE! DON'T YOU LOOK GORGEOUS, BARBIE!

THANK YOU, LITTLE SISTER. BUT WHAT. . . ? OH, YOU'VE BROUGHT MY MAKE-UP. WELL DONE!

BARBIE'S CASE -- IT'S THE SAME AS MINE! THAT'S PERFECT. I WAS WONDERING HOW. . .

COME ALONG BARBIE, MY DEAR WE ARE ABOUT TO START

WISH I COULD STAY AND WATCH.

SO DO I, LOVE, BUT IT'S ALL TERRIBLY HUSH-HUSH, AND WE MUSTN'T GO AGAINST MADAME HELENA'S WISHES!

OKAY, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL BUZZ OFF THEN. GOOD LUCK, BIG SISTER!

THANKS, SEE YOU LATER, SKIPPER.

But secretly, Skipper had no intention of leaving. . .

I COULDN'T WORRY BARBIE ABOUT IT, AND MAYBE I'M JUST BEING SILLY — BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT DOLORES.

And creeping back along the corridor. . .

I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY SHE KEPT EYEING BARBIE'S CASE JUST NOW — AS IF SHE WAS PLANNING TO PINCH IT OR SOMETHING!

And peering into the dressing room, Skipper caught her breath. . .

SHE'S **SWITCHING** *THE CASES. . .*

Then, next second, the model was making a hurried phone call to someone. . .

SHE'S SPEAKING SOFTLY, BUT I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD.

. . .PICKING THE LOCK OF THAT ROOM WASN'T DIFFICULT, AND I'VE SUCCESSFULLY PHOTO-GRAPHED ALL HER SECRET DESIGNS!

DON'T WORRY, IF IT **SHOULD** BE SUSPECTED AND MY CASE IS SEARCHED BY THE SECURITY *MEN, THEY WON'T FIND ANYTHING.*

I'VE TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF SWITCHING IDENTICAL CASES WITH DEAR, INNOCENT BARBIE, AND **SHE'LL** CARRY THE CAMERA AND FILM OUT OF HERE FOR US, FOR ME TO SWOP BACK ONCE WE'RE OUTSIDE!

OH!

But before the horrified Skipper could do anything. . .

EEEK!

COME ALONG, MISS. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, YOU KNOW!

B–BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M NOT THE ONE YOU SHOULD JOLLY WELL BE WORRIED ABOUT...

But the security official turned a deaf ear to desperate Skipper, sending her packing...

ALL I CAN DO NOW IS HIDE SOMEWHERE IN THE GROUNDS, AND LIE IN WAIT FOR THAT DOLORES AND BARBIE TO COME OUT.

And eventually...

OH, BARBIE! YOU'VE TAKEN MY CASE BY MISTAKE!

I HAVE?

THEY LOOK SO ALIKE...

BUT MINE HAS A SCRATCH ON THE SIDE – SEE?

That's when Skipper acted – like a tornado...

NO! DON'T LET HER HAVE THAT CASE, BARBIE!

SKIPPER! WHAT...

GIVE IT HERE, YOU LITTLE BRAT!

But Skipper won the fierce tug-o'-war, only –

OOOH!

UGH, IS THIS ALL THE REWARD I GET FOR CATCHING A SPY WHO TOOK PHOTOS OF MADAME HELENA'S SECRET DESIGNS? IT'S JOLLY WELL NOT FAIR!

CHEER UP, CLEVER LITTLE SISTER. **YOU** CAN NEVER HAVE **TOO** MANY BATHS!

THE END

ARE YOU AN UP TO DATE DOLLY?

Do you keep up with the latest trends, or are you way behind the times? Find out with our mini quiz . . .

1. Which is your favourite television programme?

a) 'Top of the Pops'?
b) 'Dallas'?
c) The Sooty Show?

* *

2. Which one of the following crazes has definitely gone out of fashion?

a) Ra-Ra skirts?
b) V-backs?
c) Track suits?

* *

3. Where do you get ideas from as far as fashion is concerned?

a) Glossy magazines?
b) Your friends?
c) Mum?

* *

4. If you were to take up a hobby, would it be:

a) BMX riding?
b) Hula-hoop?
c) Skateboarding?

* *

5. Do you think your clothes should be able to reflect:

a) Your personality?
b) Your preferences?
c) Your cash flow?

* *

6. Who is your favourite personality at the moment:

a) Boy George?
b) David Bowie?
c) Francis the Weatherman?

* *

SCORE

Mostly a's Well, if you're not up to date, we don't know who is! You don't just follow the trends – you help set them. Your friends look to you for a lead in all things fashionable and you're always on-the-button. You have a style all of your own – just like Barbie!

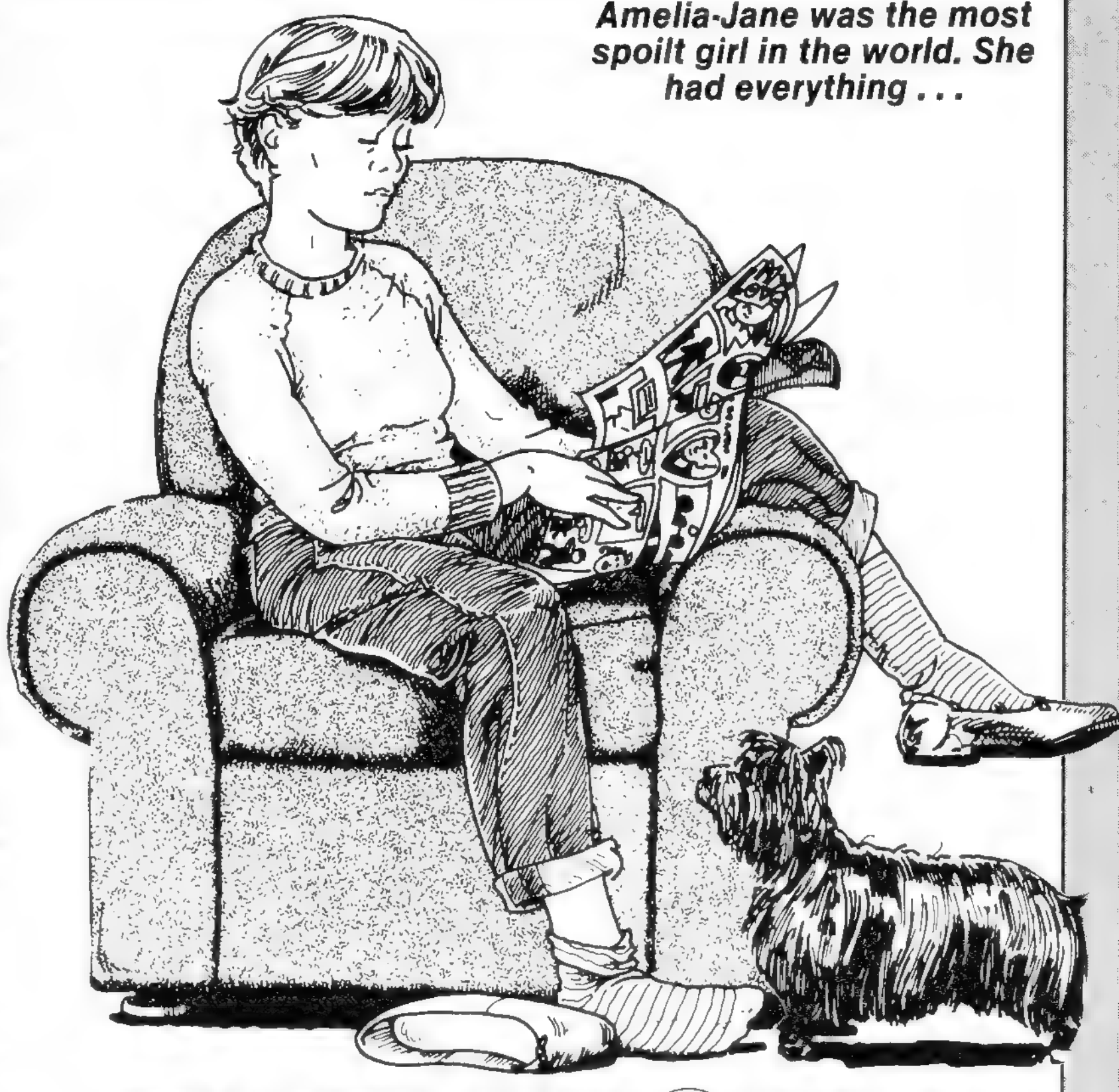
* *

Mostly b's Like the majority of girls, you're not keen to make a fool of yourself by being the first to try something. So, you sit back and wait for someone else to get the seal of approval, then jump on the bandwagon fast! You're never far behind what's going on and that's the way you like it to be.

* *

Mostly c's Let's put it this way – you're not going to win any prizes for Miss Trendy 1985! You really haven't got a clue about what it means to be fashionable – and what's more, you don't really care! You're happy to stick to the ways you know and you don't care who thinks you're a fuddy-duddy. But are you making the best of yourself.?

Amelia-Jane was the most spoilt girl in the world. She had everything . . .



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"I won't!" Amelia-Jane stamped her foot and screwed her face up in rage. "I won't wear that old red dress to the party tonight. If you make me I'll just scream and scream!"

Amelia-Jane's mother sighed. "Why ever not?" she said wearily.

"Because I don't like the colour!"

"But you liked the colour in the shop, darling . . .

"Well, I don't now! I want a black dress – black velvet – with a lace collar. I saw one like it in a magazine."

Her mother crossed to the glass-fronted wardrobe and slid the doors open. "You've got lots of lovely dresses here, darling. If you don't want to wear your red dress, wouldn't one of these do instead?"

"No! I want something new!" And Amelia-Jane opened her mouth and prepared for a long screaming session. Her mother hastily closed the wardrobe doors and went over to her.

"It's all right, darling, I'll get Mrs Adams to go down to Halbridge immediately. She can bring back a selection of dresses in your size and you can choose something."

Amelia-Jane's face relaxed into the nearest she ever got to a smile. "All right," she said grudgingly. "But make sure they're black dresses, mind. I don't want any silly childish colours."

★ ★ ★

"All right, dear," her mother said soothingly, pleased that Amelia-Jane's screaming fit hadn't come about. "I'll go downstairs and see Mrs Adams now."

Mrs Adams was the house-keeper in the Matthews' big house, and like everyone else in the family, would do anything to stop a screaming fit!

Amelia-Jane was, to put it bluntly, the most spoilt child in the world. She had all the clothes she ever wanted, the most wonderful electronic toys and games that money could buy – and even a pony of her own. She also had a bedroom designed specially for her by one of the leading home magazines, and all in all she was thoroughly awful.

It was mostly her mother and father's fault, of course. At eight months old Amelia-Jane had learned to get her own way by throwing herself on the thick furry carpet and screaming until she was hoarse, and they'd let her get away with the same trick ever since. It was just lucky for her that her mother and father were rich and able to buy her everything she screamed for, or she would have lost her voice long ago.

On this particular Christmas Eve, as soon as her mother had left the room, she climbed onto her bed (it was a four-poster one with frills and curtains all round), and flicked the switch which would turn on her remote control television.

When it came on she groaned aloud – cartoons! – and she had every cartoon film you could ever think of, because she had her own video machine and library.

Bored, she kicked at the bed-covers. It would be ages before Mrs Adams came back with the dresses to try one, and she wanted something to do *now*.

She got down from the bed and crossed to the window to look out. There were no houses nearby, and even if there had been it wasn't very likely that Amelia-Jane would have had a friend to play with in them. She went to a small private school some miles away and hadn't even hit it off with any of the girls there. They were always too nosey, or too loud, or too stuck-up for her to be friends with – and you won't be a bit surprised to hear that they didn't think much of her, either!

★ ★ ★

She took her suede jacket from the wardrobe and went down-stairs, pausing only to look at the Christmas tree in the sitting room. It was bigger than ever this year, her father had had to lop half a

metre off its top before it could stand in the corner of the room, and naturally it was loaded with sparkling silver balls and brightly coloured lights. Underneath it stood a vast quantity of presents in red and green glossy paper, and on an impulse Amelia-Jane went into the room to see if there were any new ones for her.

'To Amelia-Jane' she read, picking up a large box. She knew already that it was a set of oil paints from Uncle Jimbo. A flat package – three long-playing records. A small box – more jewellery. A large, oval box – an enormous box of chocolates from Auntie Claire – she always bought chocolates.

She scrabbled further underneath the tree, sending packages flying. There was nothing new there, nothing at all. How *boring*! Her face wore its usual sulky expression when she went back into the hall. She knew she wasn't going to exactly be thrilled by anything tomorrow morning.

"I'm going out!" she shouted in the general direction of the dining room, where she knew her mother was sitting.

★ ★ ★

"Where to, darling?" her mother asked anxiously, popping her head round the door.

"Just out!" was Amelia-Jane's rude reply.

"Couldn't you take Major for a walk . . ." her mother began, but Amelia-Jane had gone, slamming the door behind her so hard that the holly wreath on it swayed and swung and almost fell off.

She kicked her way along the gravel driveway and began to walk down the road towards the village. "Not that there's anything to do *there*!" she thought.

It began to rain and Amelia-Jane pulled her suede jacket more tightly around her. Her mother had told her on no account to get it wet, that water would mark the soft fabric, but she really couldn't have cared less about *that*. If she spoilt it there were loads of others in the wardrobe at home.

She reached the village pond and was discontentedly watching the rain patter onto its surface when a stone skimmed by her ear and she spun round.

"Miss Moneybags!" a voice jeered. "What are *you* doing down here – slumming it?!"

"Old posh chops!" someone else shouted, and Amelia-Jane caught a glimpse of a boy ducking down behind a wall.

Another stone was thrown and Amelia-Jane began to run round to the other side of the pond. She wasn't used to nasty boys shouting at her and throwing stones – she wasn't much used to other children at all. When she *did* meet the village children she expected them to keep at a respectful distance. They would be allowed to look at her enviously from afar, much as someone might look at one of the royal children, but that was all.

Another stone whistled by her ear. "Smarty pants!" a voice shouted. "Get back to your big house, we don't want you down here!"

Tears of rage came into her eyes. How dare they! How dare these horrid boys throw stones at her! Why, she'd get her father to go down with a big stick and sort them out!

She ran on, but her smart little shoes and straight skirt weren't made for running, and a rock thrown by one of the boys hit her on the leg, making her fall over.

She lay on the grass, her skirt muddy and her suede jacket soaked in the rain.

"Hey – over here!" someone called in a low voice, and Amelia-Jane turned her head to see a hand being held out of a nearby bush towards her. "Crawl towards me!"

Another rock fell near her and Amelia-Jane did as the voice said and crawled on her hands and knees towards the bush.

"Is your leg really hurt? Can you walk?" the girl in the bush said, and Amelia-Jane looked at her through tear-filled eyes.

"I . . . I think so."

"Lean on me, then, and we'll get away."

The girl put her arm around Amelia-Jane. She was about her own age, but smaller and with a thin, rather sad-looking face.

"You can come to my house," the girl said. "They'll never follow us there."

"Is it far?" Amelia-Jane asked, for she'd had a bit of a shock and her legs felt all wobbly and strange, as if they could hardly hold her up.

"Just down the lane."

The girl led her to the first house in a row of small, identical ones. "In here," she said, pushing open the door.

★ ★ ★

Amelia-Jane stumbled into the dark hall thankfully.

"Come into the kitchen," the girl said. "I'll make you a hot drink or something."

It was only when they were in the kitchen that Amelia-Jane was able to look properly at the girl who'd saved her – or rather, look at her *clothes*, for clothes was what Amelia-Jane judged everyone by. To her shock, the girl was wearing a skirt fastened at the front by safety pins and a cardigan which looked as if it could have belonged to the girl's granny, it was so old and tatty.

"You're from the big house, aren't you?" the girl said suddenly. "I've seen you going by in that great car."

"That's our Mercedes," Amelia-Jane said, feeling better. "And I'm Amelia-Jane."

"My name's Ann," the girl said, and laughed. "It's not as fancy as yours, is it – but there's seven of us and Mum had run out of ideas by the time she got to me!"

"Seven!" Amelia-Jane said in horror.

★ ★ ★

Ann, busy at the sink washing some mugs, nodded.

Amelia-Jane looked around, her eyes goggling in amazement at the small, scruffy kitchen with its walls marked by damp patches and just a small piece of rug on the floor. Never before had she seen such a place – except on films on her video!

"D'you take sugar in tea?" Ann repeated, and Amelia-Jane stopped staring round and tried to concentrate on what she'd been asked. She shook her head and Ann handed her a cup – with a large chip out of it.

"Is your leg all right now?"

Amelia-Jane remembered her manners and nodded. "It's okay – but thanks for rescuing me," she said. "I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't been there."

"That's all right," Ann said, looking shy.

They drank their tea in silence. Amelia-Jane was too busy looking round to talk – she was taking in the fact that there was no curtain at the window, only a tattered rag, no covering on the floor and not even a lampshade, just a bare bulb. However did people *live* like it?

Her glance fell once more on Ann and she found herself wondering for the first time what it would be like to be someone other than rich, privileged, spoilt Amelia-Jane. All she said as she drained her tea, though, was that she ought to be going. "What with it being Christmas Eve and all," she added, standing up.

Ann nodded. "I expect you've got to help your mother get things ready. I've got to help mine when she gets home from work."

Amelia-Jane couldn't help wondering what Ann would be helping *with* because there were no Christmas decorations up, no turkey waiting to be stuffed, no Christmas pudding or any other special foodstuffs in view.

"Tomorrow won't be a lot different from any other day, mind," Ann went on. "Now that

Dad's dead there's not much money to spare, but Mum does her best."

Amelia-Jane raised her eyebrows, but just asked if Ann thought the boys would be gone by now.

Ann went towards the door. "I expect so. I'll walk with you to the corner, though. Just in case."

On the way to the front door Amelia-Jane couldn't resist looking into the other downstairs room. There was no tree or decorations – just a few cards.

"Don't you even have a tree?" she asked, before she could stop herself.

Ann shook her head. "We used to, but it fell to pieces. Sometimes we go out and pick holly, though."

"And where are all your presents?"

Ann laughed. "I don't know about *all*. I have a stocking with little things in – but I don't have big presents any more."

"Oh," Amelia-Jane said. No tree, no presents – and such an awful house!

Ann and Amelia-Jane walked to the corner. "Will you be all right from here?" Ann asked.

Amelia-Jane nodded. "Thanks again," she said awkwardly. She wasn't used to thanking people!

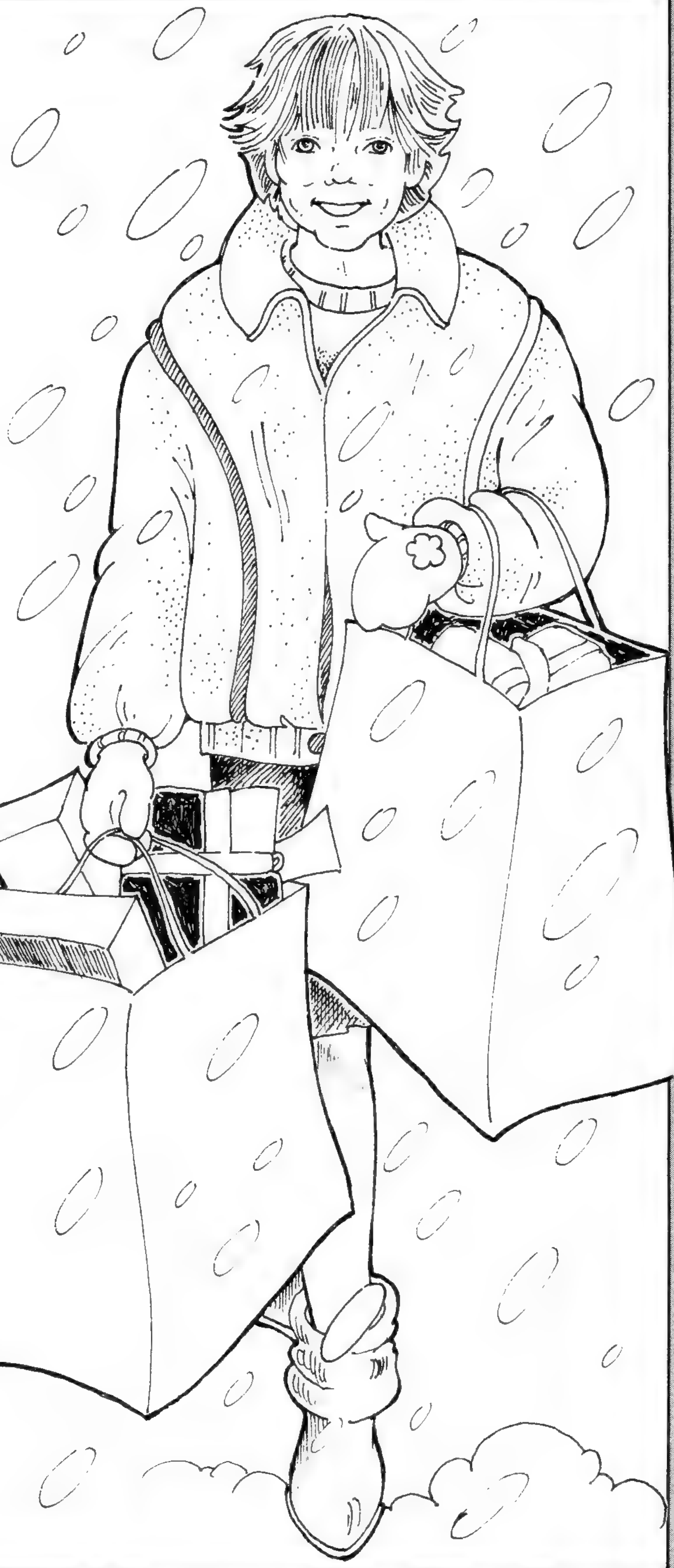
She watched Ann walking back towards her house. A poor little figure with her cardigan pulled tightly around her – and then she looked up towards her own house, still invisible because of the thick trees which surrounded it. Never before had she felt beastly and spoilt and ashamed of herself.

★ ★ ★

She got in, went upstairs and looked at the new dresses laid out on her bed by Mrs Adams. They didn't seem so important now – not nearly so important. In fact, she wondered how she could have made such a fuss about a new dress when other people, when Ann, had so little . . .

She took two of the dresses from the bed and then she went downstairs and stood for a while looking thoughtfully at the presents under the tree. After that she went into the kitchen, got two large carrier bags, put the dresses into them (they'd be a little big but she didn't think Ann would mind), filled them up with the presents that were addressed to her.

When she set off towards the village again the rain had turned into snow and she felt a bit like Father Christmas as she made her way to Ann's house. On the way back – well, if you could have seen her, then you would have seen her smiling the first real, true smile she'd ever smiled in her life . . .



Barbie's Greek Adventure

Flying to sunny Greece with her photographer friend, Ken, and another model, Jayne, Barbie felt thrilled and excited. . .

ARE YOU GOING TO PHOTOGRAPH JAYNE AND I IN THE TEMPLE RUINS POSING LIKE GRECIAN GODDESSES, KEN?

ER. . .NOT EXACTLY. WHAT I HAVE IN MIND FOR THIS MAGAZINE JOB IS SOMETHING MORE. . .UM. . . DOWN TO EARTH!

NOW WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT, I WONDER?

But he would say no more. And later as they checked into their hotel. . .

LET'S UNPACK LATER. I CAN'T WAIT TO DO THE GRAND TOUR OF ATHENS AND SEE ALL THE SUPER SIGHTS.

MMM, ME TOO! WHAT DO YOU SAY, KEN?

SORRY, GIRLS. BUT I THINK WE SHOULD ALL TURN IN EARLY. WE'VE A LONG DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW.

. . .AND YOU'LL NEED TO SAVE ALL YOUR STRENGTH!

BUT FOR WHAT, BARBIE? WHY IS HE BEING SO MYSTERIOUS?

Barbie, too, was curious. . .and suspicious. . .

AS SKIPPER WOULD SAY, HE'S ACTING AS FISHY AS SARDINES ON TOAST! AND I SHAN'T GET A WINK OF BEAUTY SLEEP NOW FOR WORRYING ABOUT WHAT MADDENING KEN IS UP TO!

And next morning, bright and early. . .

HURRY, GIRLS, THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

COMING, YOU SLAVE-DRIVER!

OUR LOCATION SPOT'S NOT FAR. . .JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN.

AND HERE WE ARE – TO HELP IN AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG!

WHAT? YOU MEAN. . .?

AW, SWEATED LABOUR I **DON'T** DIG!

OH, NO WONDER YOU KEPT PRETTY DARK ABOUT THIS, YOU HORROR. I COULD'VE JOLLY WELL STAYED HOME AND DUG THE GARDEN IF I WANTED THIS SORT OF EXERCISE!

But Ken brushed aside their grumbles. . .

IT'LL MAKE TERRIFIC PICTURES FOR THAT MAGAZINE ARTICLE. I CAN SEE THE HEAD-LINE NOW – 'BEAUTIES OF TODAY DISCOVER BEAUTIES OF THE PAST!'

I PREFER PHOTOGRAPHER BURIED ALIVE!

And as the hot sun beat down on them. . .

PHEW, HARD WORK THIS, EH, GIRLS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, YOU LAZYBONES!

SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE US TO FAN YOU WITH A SHOVEL?

But suddenly Barbie forgot her fury with Ken, crying out in excitement. . .

LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND!

HOW MARVELLOUS! IT IS THE FIND OF A LIFETIME!

QUICK – UP ON THIS ROCK, BARBIE, AND HOLD IT UP SO I CAN SNAP YOU WITH IT!

But, too late –

OOH!

LIKE **THIS** – A GRECIAN MAIDEN OF OLD?

YES, BUT WATCH OUT WHERE IT'S BEGINNING TO CRUMBLE ON TOP. . . !

OH, YOU. . .YOU **BUTTER-FINGERS!** YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY!

HECK, TALK ABOUT COMING A CROPPER AT THE ACROPOLIS. **THIS** WASN'T THE SMASHING PICTURE I HAD IN MIND!

Ashamed, Barbie fled from their anger. . .

OH, GOLLY, I JUST WANT THE GROUND TO OPEN UP AND BURY **ME!**

On and on she ran, back into the city, until suddenly she made another discovery. . .

NOW TO CAP IT ALL I'VE GOT MYSELF JOLLY WELL **LOST!**

OH, DEAR, I'M ALWAYS TELLING **SKIPPER** *TO DO HER HOMEWORK, BUT MAYBE I SHOULD'VE DONE* **MINE** *AND LEARNT THE LINGO. WONDER WHAT'S GREEK FOR 'HELP, SOMEBODY'?*

Down a smelly alley she wandered, hoping to find a policeman or another tourist, but. . .

GOLLY, I. . .I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THESE CHARACTERS VERY MUCH!

GOOD DAY, MISSY.

Y–YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? OH, THANK GOODNESS. CAN YOU DIRECT ME PLEASE TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION?

But the rascally-looking pair just grinned as if Barbie had said something funny.

RICH GIRLIE BUY VEREE NIZE SOUVENIR?

ER. . .NO. THANK YOU.

IS VEREE CHEAP. YOU BUY, I SAY!

NO, I DON'T WANT YOUR BEASTLY SOUVENIR! LET ME GO!

Suddenly, there came a voice to the rescue. . .

HEY UP! HAVING **ANOTHER** SMASHING TIME, BARBIE, LOVE?

OH, KEN, THANK GOODNESS YOU FOUND ME!

WELL, CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MY FAVOURITE MODEL, CAN I?

AM. . .AM I STILL YOUR FAVOURITE, KEN, AFTER THAT. . .THAT AWFUL DISASTER I CAUSED UP ON THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE?

HANG ABOUT. LOOK – MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A DISASTER AFTER ALL!

WHY, I'VE ONLY JUST REALISED. THIS IS THE SAME AS THE ONE I SMASHED POSING FOR YOUR PICTURE!

AND MANUFACTURED HERE IN A LITTLE ATHENS BACKSTREET.

The Professor was informed, and he confirmed that they had all been fooled. . .

YOU ARE RIGHT, YOUNG PEOPLE. THIS VASE THAT WE EXCAVATED IS NOTHING BUT A CHEAP FAKE!

AND NO DOUBT THESE HILLS ARE SCATTERED WITH SUCH USELESS BURIED 'TREASURES' BY CERTAIN WILY ROGUES, TO ENCOURAGE AMATEUR ARCHAEOLOGISTS TO RENT A SITE HERE!

OH, AND TO THINK WE COULD'VE GONE ON SWEATING AND SLAVING FOR NOTHING, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, BARBIE!

YES, IT WOULD SEEM WE ARE ALL GRATEFUL TO YOU AND THIS YOUNG MAN FOR THAT **SECOND** DISCOVERY OF THE DAY! YOU HAVE SAVED OUR SOCIETY MUCH FURTHER EXPENSE AND TROUBLE, MY DEAR!

And the grateful Professor insisted on treating them all to a celebration that night in true local style. . .

ENJOYING IT, MY GRECIAN GODDESS?

MMMM. LIKE THEY SAY, THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT. . .

SMASHING!

THE END

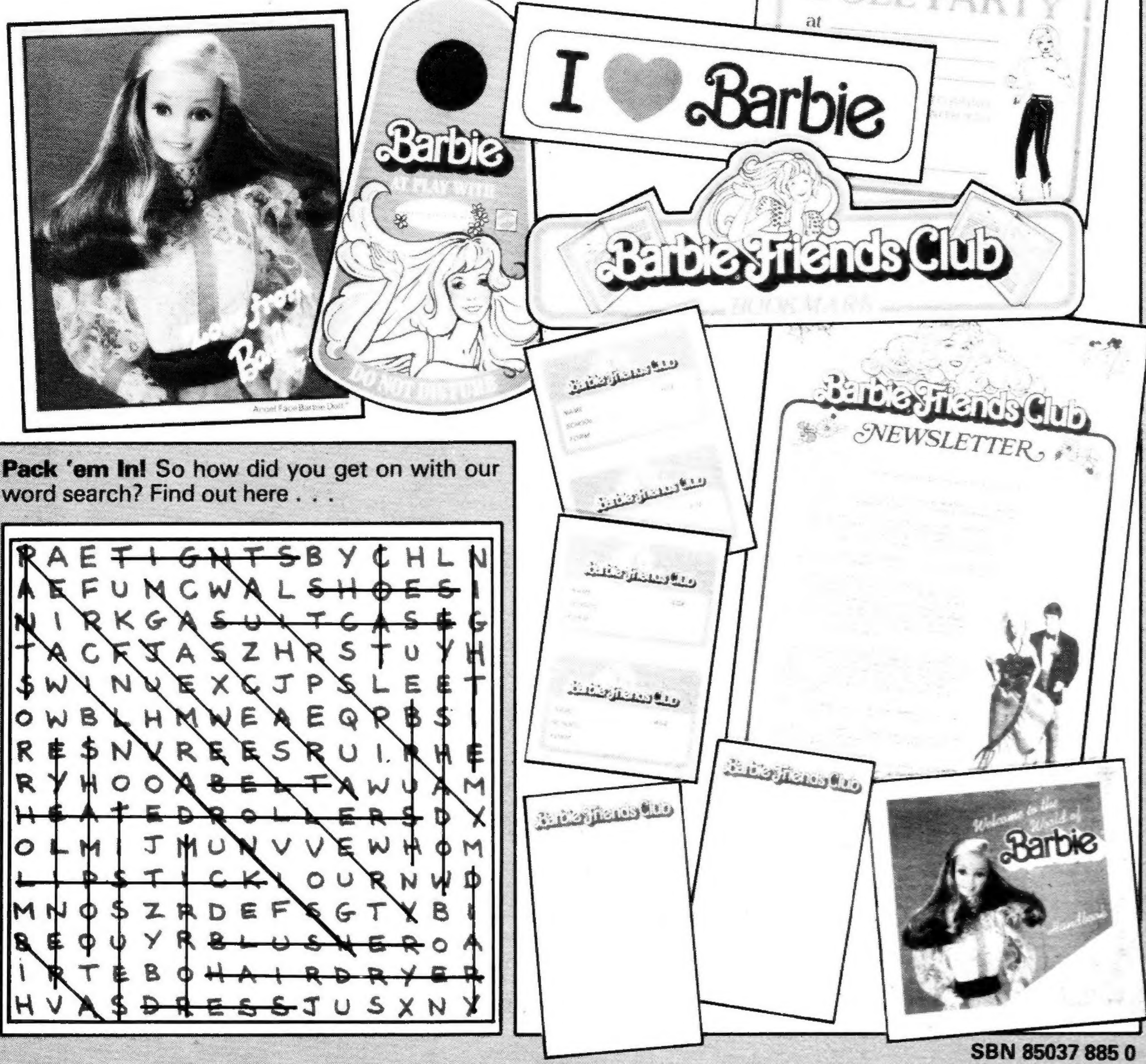
If you're a Barbie fan, why not join the Barbie Friends Club? It's good fun.

You get a regular newsletter telling you all about new products, plus there's a chance to win some when you enter the competitions.

Then of course, there's the membership package. This includes some of the items you see here on this page.

There are stickers, bookmarks, a Barbie Handbook, invitations, a notebook and even a keyring.

Quite a bumper bundle to add to your collection.



Pack 'em In! So how did you get on with our word search? Find out here . . .

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